

PART 27.

Third
Series

MARCH,
1891.

VOL.
5

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR."

All the Year Round

a Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

CONTAINS
The Opening Chapter of a New Serial Story,

ENTITLED
CROSS CURRENTS.

By MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

ALSO

"The Laird o' Cockpen." A Serial Story	A Serial PAGE 217, 241, 265, 306	"The Glorious Vintage of Cham- pagne"	PAGE 260
Phoebe. A Story in Two Chapters..	222, 253	On Being an Orphan	269
Morning in the Borough Market ..	226	Fairs and Shows	273
"The Spirit of Imitation"	231	Elizabethan Dinners	282
The Art Treasures of the City of London	233, 247, 277	Grizzly Dan. A Complete Story Curios of the Queen's English ..	294 301
		Concerning the Census	303

And THE EXTRA SPRING AND EASTER NUMBER.

Price FIFTEENPENCE.

1891.

LONDON
26 WELLINGTON ST
STRAND.
W.C.

Nos.
114 to 117

ADVERTISEMENTS must be sent to SELL'S, 167 & 168, Fleet St., London, E.C.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



In consequence of Imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the public, LEA & PERRINS beg to draw attention to the fact that each Bottle of the Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE bears their Signature, thus—

Lea & Perrins

Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; CROSSE and BLACKWELL, London, and Export Oilmen generally. Retail by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

HOPGOOD & CO'S NUTRITIVE AND SEDATIVE HAIR CREAM.

HOPGOOD'S is the ONLY preparation for the Hair recommended by the Faculty as the Best preparation for the Removal of Scurf, Irritation, preventing Greyness and Baldness and producing a

LUXURIANT HEAD OF HAIR.

Bottles, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, & 5/-,
Of all Perfumers and Chemists.

119th Thousand. Post free of Author, price 5s.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, & CATARRH.

By EDWIN W. ALABONE, F.R.M.S., Member of the Red Cross, etc., late Consulting Physician to the Lower Clapton Orphan Asylum.

Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.

W. FAIRBAIRN, M.D., L.R.C.P., states: "The success of your treatment is simply marvellous. I have had no less than sixty cases of cure during the past year."

E. T. YOUNG, L.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., writes: "Your treatment for Consumption has proved a great success in my own case—after having been given up by several eminent physicians. I am convinced, not only by my own experience, but from the evidence of other cases I have seen, that it is the remedy so long sought after."

FIRE AT THE WAREHOUSE, MANCHESTER. SALVAGE STOCK SALE AT ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS.

FIRE IN MANCHESTER.—A fire which threatened at one time to assume very serious proportions broke out last evening in Mr. John Noble's Warehouse in Piccadilly. Superintendent Fozer with his entire brigade played upon the flames for a couple of hours, when they were extinguished. The building is seven stories high, and the contents were seriously damaged by fire and water.—From the *Manchester Evening News*, November 10th, 1890.

Dress Fabrics, Flannels, Mantle Cloths, Blankets, etc., offered at Prices CONSIDERABLY BELOW FIRST COST.

SALE PATTERNS POST FREE. WRITE AT ONCE for Sale Catalogue, sent Post Free to any address, on application.
JOHN NOBLE, The Warehouse, 11, Piccadilly, MANCHESTER.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually

EPPS'S (Grateful, Comforting,) COCOA

built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—On Diet, in "The Civil Service Gazette."

to
le

nd

H.
Red
ton

of
nan
at-
wn
si-
but
the

R.

E

g
a
d

.Y

on.

R.

ad
ps
vy
ly

re
ft
he



THOUSANDS
OF
TESTIMONIALS

EVERY MAN AND WOMAN SUFFERING FROM

RHEUMATISM,

Sciatica, Lumbago, Indigestion, Nervousness, Hysteria, Torpid Liver, Sleeplessness, Kidney Disorders, or any form of

NERVOUS, MUSCULAR, or ORGANIC WEAKNESS,

should stop taking poisonous drugs and quack medicines, and try Nature's remedy—Electricity—pleasantly and scientifically applied to the system, without any discomfort whatever, by simply wearing one of **MR. C. B. HARNESS'**

ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

They have been in use for nearly a quarter of a century, and have proved an inestimable blessing to suffering humanity in all parts of the world. They are constructed on strictly scientific principles, are guaranteed no shock or unpleasant

perceptible to the senses, and convey no shock or unpleasant feeling to the system. They are positively the only *bona-fide* curative galvanic belts which the public may purchase with safety. Sceptics should call at the Company's Institute and see them tested.

**PAMPHLET AND CONSULTATION FREE,
PERSONALLY OR BY LETTER.**

RHEUMATISM AND INDIGESTION.

"Vula Rosa, Veytaux, Montreux, Switzerland, February 3rd, 1891.—Dear Sir,—Will you kindly forward me one of your Electropathic Belts of medium strength at an early date? I wore one some twelve months ago, and found it beneficial in case of Rheumatism and Indigestion. I shall be glad if I can have it on Saturday.—Yours truly, (Rev.) E. WARDLE."

LUMBAGO.

"Samford Hall, Braintree, Feb. 7th, 1891.—Dear Sir,—Since wearing the Electropathic Belt for Lumbago, I have experienced great relief. The pains disappeared after wearing the appliance a few weeks and have never returned.—Yours faithfully, ARTHUR RICHARDSON."

FOR
HEALTH,
STRENGTH,
AND
VIGOUR.

IMPAIRED VITALITY RESTORED.

Mr. J. Botting, 2, Garden Mews, Linden Gardens, W., writes, January 23rd, 1891: "I beg to inform you that I have constantly worn your Electropathic Belt since I purchased it last October, and am pleased to say it has made a man of me again. I had tried every patent medicine in the market, and could not get relief, and the advice from private medical gentlemen also prove useless."

Thousands of Testimonials and Press Reports. Copies free on application, or the Originals may be seen at the Electropathic and Zander Institute of the Medical Battery Co.,

52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(The Largest Medico-Electric Institute in the World). MR. C. B. HARNESS, President.

THE HONEY OF WISDOM!!!

We gather the Honey of Wisdom from THORNS
NOT FROM FLOWERS.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

The Victoria Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires
for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!!

WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the TALE OF LIFE; what sheds the PUREST LIGHT UPON OUR REASON; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to SOFTEN THE HEART of man and elevate his soul—I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE'."

LORD LYTON.

"QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, June 4th, 1887.

"SIR,—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this testimonial and Poem on ENO'S justly celebrated 'FRUIT SALT'? My occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here to see what change of air would do for me, and, at the wish of some personal friends, I have taken your 'FRUIT SALT', the good result therefrom is my reason for addressing you.—I am, Sir, yours truly, "A LADY."

The Appetite it will enforce,
And help the system in its course;
Perhaps you've ate or drank too much,
It will restore like magic touch.
Depression, with its fearful sway,
It drives electric-like away;
And if the Blood is found impure,
It will effect a perfect cure.

Free from danger, free from harm,
It acts like some magician's charm;
At any time a dainty draught,
Which will dispel disease's shaft;
More priceless than the richest gold,
That ever did its wealth unfold;
And all throughout our native land
Should always have it at command.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—"Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it only right to tell you I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that, you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service.—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.—Jan. 25th, 1889."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule's mark "E.N.O.'S 'FRUIT SALT'." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.
OF ALL CHEMISTS.



Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

**FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS PREVENT CONVULSIONS,
ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.**

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS,

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions.

(Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphia, nor anything injurious to a tender Babe)

Sold in stamped boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full Directions.

Send post free for 25 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK, which contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a free copy.

FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK sent post free on application by letter or post card. Direct to Alfred Fennings, West Cowes, I.W.

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS,

THE BEST REMEDY TO CURE ALL

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, &c.

Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., with directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

The largest size Boxes, 2s. 9d. (25 stamps, post free), contain three times the quantity of the small boxes. Read FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR. Sent post free, 15 stamps. Direct A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

KEATING'S

Composed only of purest, simple Drugs. The most delicate in Health may use them in perfect confidence.

COUGH

They are emphatically the best Cough Remedy ever made.

LOZENGES.

Sold in Tins, 1s. 1½d. & 2s. 9d. each.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

THREE PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS repayable on demand.

TWO PER CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposits, and allows Interest, at the rate of THREE PER CENT. per annum, on each completed £5.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, OR A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with immediate possession.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK contains full particulars, and may be had, post free, on application to

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

THIS FAMOUS FAMILY MEDICINE is unequalled in the Cure of all DISORDERS of the LIVER, STOMACH, and BOWELS. A GREAT PURIFIER of the BLOOD. A POWERFUL INVIGORATOR of the System, if suffering from WEAKNESS and DEBILITY, and is unrivalled in Complaints incidental to Females.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

WORLD FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 stamps by Proprietors,

Lincoln & Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL

D^R-ROCK'S FEMALE PILLS

STEEL, PENNYROYAL, ALOES & BITTER APPLE.

NO OBSTRUCTION STANDS AGAINST THEM.

COATED, TASTELESS, and quite harmless to the most delicate constitution, but MARRIED LADIES should adhere strictly to the directions.

1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. By post, under cover, 1d. extra.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, OR DIRECT FROM THE

UNIVERSAL DRUG COMPANY,
19 & 21, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

NEW STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "MICAH CLARKE."

Notice:—

"The
CORNHILL
is the
most
interesting
of English
Magazines."
VANITY
FAIR.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,
ENTITLED
The WHITE COMPANY

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "MICAH CLARKE," etc.

COMMENCED IN THE
JANUARY NUMBER
OF THE

Cornhill Magazine.

Price SIXPENCE.

"The
Magazine
reader will
find no
better
investment
for his
sixpence."
PALL MALL
GAZETTE.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

Second Edition. With 2 Maps and 23 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

The Cruise of the "Alerte":

THE NARRATIVE OF A SEARCH FOR TREASURE ON THE
DESERT ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

By E. F. KNIGHT.

"Is quite as fascinating as any of the imaginary treasure-hunts. . . the search has resulted in a most fascinating book."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"It is a romantic enough story in all truth, and the author has given a vigorous and graphic description of his hunt for treasure."—*Scottish Leader*.

"The Cruise of the 'Alerte' is as delightful a narrative of search for wealth as is Mr. R. L. Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' itself."—*Home News*.

"The only result of the treasure-hunt is an entertaining and manly book, which leaves the impression that, as in life at large, the quest after is better than the discovery of precious things."—*Saturday Review*.

"A vivacious account of a search for buried treasure."—*St. James's Gazette*.

"A very interesting tale of English pluck and energy this is. . . The map and sketches of the island are quite excellent."—*Guardian*.

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

GOLDSTEIN'S CELEBRATED GOLD WATCHES.

Acknowledged to be the Most Reliable Timekeepers
Ever produced. The movements are guaranteed well made and finished, every attention being paid, and no expense spared, to secure the best and most modern improvements. Every Watch is fully warranted regardless of price paid, and if not approved the Money will be returned.

ONE TRIAL IS SOLICITED.

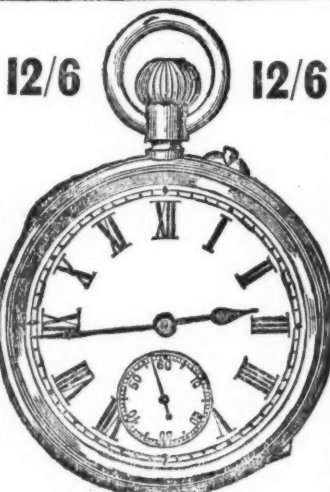
TESTIMONIALS.

"Nurney, Glengary,
"Dublin,
"August 1st, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—The Watch I purchased from you when in London on May 14th, is an excellent timekeeper, and has given me every satisfaction. Please send me another, exactly similar. Yours truly, W. H. MILLS."

"Elmfield, Newton Abbot,
"Devon,
"Nov. 13th, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—Your 20s. Keyless Watches have given such satisfaction that I now thank you, and beg to say they are without exception the best I ever saw for the money. Of the dozens I have received, I can safely say all have been perfect, and I have great pleasure in recommending them. Yours truly, T. MAGOR."

"Highcliffe,
"St. Julien's Avenue,
"Guernsey,
"Oct. 13th, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—Some time ago, when in town, I purchased some jewellery from you, with which I am very pleased. I find that it wears quite equal to real gold. —MRS. T. R. BEAN."

"23, Brinksway Road,
"Stockport,
"August 27th, 1890.
"I have worn your 12. 4s. ring for fourteen months, and it is just as fresh as at first. Send me your new Catalogue, and oblige. Yours, etc., M. BARROW."



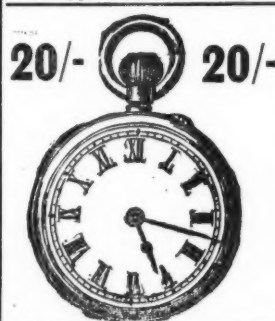
GENTS' ELECTRIC GOLD KEYLESS.
Open Face, Enamelled Dial, 1/2 plate, and Jewelled in 4 holes. 12s. 6d. Post paid, 13s.

"Mrs. W. H. Gladstone has received the Watch, and would like two Keyless sent her, 12s. 6d. each; also Chain, C2, 27s., one Fly and two Pearl Brooches. Mrs. Gladstone encloses a cheque for the whole amount."—Hawarden House, Chester, September 14th, 1890.

"Leamington, October 28th, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly send three or four Pendants for Watch Chain? I bought a Watch and Chain in MAR 'H, 1888, and I want Electric Gold, the same as those then had. —R. H. RAPSON."



ELECTRIC GOLD KEY WINDER, Gold Dome, 1/2 Plate Cylinder. Jewelled in 4 holes. A Good, Sound, Serviceable Watch, 8s. 6d. Post free, gr. Ladies' size same price.



LADIES' ELECTRIC GOLD OPEN FACE KEYLESS WATCH. Jewelled in 8 holes. It is a neat watch, and everlasting. Price 20/- Post free, no. 6d.

£1,000

**TO BE
ABSOLUTELY
GIVEN
AWAY.**

MY NEW CATALOGUE for 1891, containing 3,000 Testimonials and Engravings of Watches and Jewellery of every description, is now ready. It is a work of art; the engravings being by Aldridge and Tully, R.A. This Catalogue has cost over £1,000 to produce, and I am giving it away free of charge. Send your name and address from any part of the world, and a copy will be sent Gratis and Post Free.

**CALL AND SEE THE WORLD-RENOUNDED
ELECTRIC GOLD AND CHEMICAL DIAMONDS**
(REGISTERED)

Which are Crystals of marvellous lustre, brilliancy and hardness, and cannot be detected from the genuine article. Experienced Judges deceived. They will stand all acids and heat. Can be mounted at the side of real gems without fear of detection, and can be worn by the most fastidious person with confidence. Electric Gold is the same rich colour throughout the entire metal, and is guaranteed equal to real gold. Even one pleased. Money returned if not approved. For size of finger cut hole in card. **AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.**



8s. 6d.
Half Hoop Ring, set with Five Mixed Stones or Diamonds of the first water and very bright lustre. Experienced Judges deceived. Post free, 3s. 6d.



18. 4d.
Five Pearl Half Hoop Ring, stamped 18c, and undetectable from a 20 guinea pearl. Most marvellous offer ever made. Post free, 12. 4d.



18. 4d.
Mixed Stone Dress Ring. Our well-known wonder. Post free, 12. 4d.



18. 4d.
Lustrous Gipsy Ring, equal to 20 guinea diamond. Guaranteed undetectable. Post free, 12. 4d.



18. 4d.
Solid Band or Wedding Ring, beautifully finished and equal to 22 ct. gold. Post free, 12. 4d.



28. 6d.
Ladies' Diamond or Mixed Stone Dress Ring. Very neat and pretty. Post free, 25. 6d.



18. 4d.
Buckle or Keeper Ring, stamped 18 ct. This ring is a masterpiece, and perfect in every respect. Post free, 12. 4d.

TESTIMONIALS.

"Teesdale Supply Stores, Cotherstone, November 4th, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—Please forward another Watch. The one I bought of you some time back is real good, and yesterday a friend took a fancy to and bought it.—Yours truly, W. KIPLING."

"Aldington, Evasham, July 3rd, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—My customer was delighted with the Watch. He did not expect anything so good for the money.—Yours truly, C. FIELD (Agent)."

B. B. GOLDSTEIN, 16, 18, & 20, Oxford St., London, W. (NEXT DOOR TO THE OXFORD MUSIC HALL.)

WHERE DO GHOSTS COME FROM?

DO you believe in ghosts? Perhaps you laugh at the idea—a fearless man like you. Yet if you *must* visit a graveyard you prefer doing so in the daytime. Why? Because you can see better? Is *that* the reason? Stuff! No. It is because you are afraid of the dead and of darkness. Almost everybody is. Yet in sunshine, or in company, we boast of our courage. We are persons "*with no nonsense about us.*" At least so we say.

I knew a man who when young was so terrified by a ghost that he didn't get over it for fifty years. He was no coward or milksop either, but one of the bravest officers in the Army. When he got to be an old man of eighty-two, he spoke of that experience in these words: "For ten minutes I suffered such terror that from that hour to this a sort of constant dread has rested on my soul. Unexpected noises make me tremble all over, and objects which in the shades of evening I cannot well make out, fill me with a mad desire to escape. The fact is, I am afraid of the night."

It is curious that this same expression, about being afraid of the night, should have been used by another man recently. His nerves, he says, were all upset. He couldn't sleep. He just tossed and tumbled on his bed. He hadn't committed murder, and wasn't haunted by a spirit from beyond the tomb. Yet life didn't seem to him worth the price of it. Half-a-dozen times he made up his mind to leap out of it and take his chances. Lots of people get as far as that every day, and their friends never suspect it. It's all wrong, of course, but you can't wonder. For what is *mere living* when you get no comfort or pleasure out of it?

Well, this man goes on to say that his head often ached as though it would split open, and pains chased one another through his body. His skin was yellow as an old parchment, his appetite gone,

and any little excitement would set his heart beating like a clock when you take the ball off the pendulum. One must eat to live, yet every time this man ate he was punished for it as though eating were a crime. His stomach received what he swallowed, of course, but that was all; it refused to digest it. Hence the poor fellow got to be like a sepulchre, with his bread and meat dead and rotten inside of him. The poisonous acids and gases which arose from this mass of corruption came up into his throat and sickened him; then went into his blood and started local distresses and maladies in every weak spot in his system.

It was the effect of this upon the nerves that made our friend "afraid of the night." The cold hands and feet, the sense of fatigue, the depression of spirits, the bad taste in the mouth, the dry cough, the chills, weakness and giddiness, all these, and others we cannot now name, are signs and consequences of one cause, and one only—indigestion and dyspepsia. Nothing else on earth is so ruinous to body and mind; nothing else makes people see so many ghosts. Phantoms and mysterious voices are but echoes of what is in our own minds. Healthy people see only things that are natural, and when night comes they go to sleep in it.

The man we allude to is a Frenchman named Jean Marie Hervé. He resides at Yvais, Canton de Pampol, France, and in a late letter he says that after years of suffering from indigestion and dyspepsia he is now perfectly sound and well through the use of *Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup*. "I look upon you," he writes to us, "as my benefactor. My nerves are sound, and I am no longer afraid of the night."

And thousands of people in England, who were once as badly off as he, now rejoice in sound minds in sound bodies, through the help of *Mother Seigel's Syrup*.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £6,000. SUNLIGHT SOAP MONTHLY COMPETITIONS

These Competitions will be Continued each Month during 1891.

Lists of Winners of each month's competition will be advertised in the "Penny Illustrated Paper" the last Saturday of the month following, and a printed list of winners will be forwarded to competitors who send $\frac{1}{4}$ d. stamp to pay postage.

The Prizes given in these Competitions are the Waltham Watches, the acknowledged best timekeepers in the world.

WRAPPERS COMPETITION.

For Girls and Boys 16 last birthday and under.

PRIZES each Month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

RULES.

I.—Competitors to save as many Sunlight Soap wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the bottom portion of each wrapper—that portion commencing "Now for the Sunlight Way of Washing." This portion, called the "Coupon," is to be saved for the competition.

II.—When as many of these "Coupons" are collected as the competitor thinks will win a prize, send them, **POSTAGE OR CARRIAGE PAID**, to

LEVER BROS., Ltd.,

PORT SUNLIGHT,

Nr. BIRKENHEAD,

Marked on the outside

"**WRAPPERS COMPETITION,**"

ENCLOSING WITH THE "COUPONS" a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written her or his **FULL Name and Address**, age **LAST birthday**, "Girl" or "Boy," and the number of Coupons enclosed. This paper must then be signed by three witnesses who are **HOUSEHOLDERS**.

VII.—The Prizes will be awarded amongst those sending in (*for their age*) the largest number of "Coupons," provided the paper with the "Coupons" is correctly filled up and witnessed according to Rule II.

WRAPPERS COMPETITION.

PRIZES each month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

Age 16, 5 to girls & 5 to boys (one to each winner).

" 15, 5	"	5	"	"	"
" 14, 5	"	5	"	"	"
" 13, 5	"	5	"	"	"
" 12, 5	"	5	"	"	"
" 11, 5	"	5	"	"	"
& under.					

CARD BOX COMPETITION.

Open to all aged 17 last birthday and upwards.

PRIZES each month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

RULES.

I.—Competitors to make a list, giving the **FULL Name and Address of HOUSEHOLDERS**, who they know **DO NOT USE Sunlight Soap**, stating opposite each **HOUSEHOLDER'S name**, as far as they know, and in not exceeding **5 words**, the reason why they do not use it. Each **HOUSEHOLDER'S name** must appear in alphabetical order, and the list must be written on one side of the paper only.

II.—Competitors to save or collect as many Sunlight Soap Card Boxes as necessary. Cut off the top portion of each Card Box—that portion only of the Card Box printed with the word "Sunlight." This portion, called the "Card Box Coupon," is to be saved for the competition.

III.—This list when completed, together with 1 Card Box Coupon (*see Rule 2*) for every **HOUSEHOLDER** named on competitor's list, and a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written her or his **FULL Name and Address**, Lady or Gentleman, and the number of **HOUSEHOLDERS** named on their list, must be forwarded, **POSTAGE PAID**, to **LEVER BROS., LIMITED**, and must be marked on the outside

"CARD BOX COMPETITION."

IV.—The Prizes will be awarded to those competitors whose lists are the largest. Competitors will be disqualified whose lists contain any incorrect address, or the name of any person who is not a Householder, or any one who is at the time a user of Sunlight Soap.

CARD BOX COMPETITION.

PRIZES each month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

30 Watches to Ladies. 30 Watches to Gentlemen.

PICTURES by Miss **DOROTHY TENNANT** (Mrs. H. M. STANLEY) and **W. P. FRITH, R.A.**, entitled "Heads over Tails," size 24 in. by 12 in., and "So Clean," size 17 in. by 12½ in.

"Any one wishing to possess Facsimile Copies of these most charming Works of Art can (until further notice) obtain, **FREE OF COST** and **POSTAGE PAID**, one of either of the above by sending, **POSTAGE PAID**, to **LEVER BROS., LIMITED**, Port Sunlight, Near Birkenhead, their **FULL Name and Address** and 24 Sunlight Soap Wrappers, or the Pair by sending 48 Wrappers. Applications to be marked on the outside of the envelopes "PICTURES."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE



ORIGINAL AND

IS
THE GREAT
SPECIFIC
FOR
CHOLERA.

COUGHES,
COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the **SOLE INVENTOR**, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was **UNDOUBTEDLY** the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—*See The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.
GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London. REPORT that it ACTS as a **CHARM**, one dose generally sufficient.
DR. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."
From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla. Jan. 5, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of **DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours, **SYMES & CO.**, Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the **TRUE PALLIATIVE** in
NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages **PAIN** of **EVERY KIND**, affords a calm, refreshing sleep without **HEADACHE**, and **INVIGORATES** the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The **IMMENSE SALE** of this REMEDY has given rise to many **UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS**. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
J. T. DAVENPORT, 36 & 38, Russell St., W.C.

All applications for **ADVERTISEMENTS** in this Magazine

MUST BE MADE TO

Mr. C. L. GILKS,

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT,

"All the Year Round,"

SELL'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, Ltd.,

167 and 168, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Towle's
Pennyroyal AND
Steel Pills
FOR FEMALES

Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex.

Boxes, 1/1½ & 2/9, of all Chemists, sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the maker
E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



TOO FAT!!

Dr. GORDON'S
Elegant Pills

Cure **STOUTNESS** rapidly and certainly. State weight, and send 2/9, 4/6, or 11/-, to
Dr. GORDON, 10, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.

BUY

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

Price One Penny.

PRICE

FROM

£4 4s.

10% Discount for Cash.

ON HIRE AT EASY
WEEKLY PAYMENTS.

With the Option of Purchase.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

CAUTION.—TO AVOID DECEPTION,
buy no Machine unless the Com-
pany's Trade Name "SINGER"
is printed upon the arm.

THE SINGER
MANUFACTURING CO.,
25, FOSTER LANE,
CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C.,
and 497 Branches
throughout
Great Britain
and
Ireland.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £6,000. MONTHLY SUNLIGHT SOAP COMPETITIONS

WRAPPERS COMPETITION.

For Girls and Boys 16 last birthday and under.
PRIZES each Month—60 Silver Keyless Lever
Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

For Competitors who collect and send in the largest number
(for their respective ages) of that portion of the "Sunlight"
Soap Wrappers commencing with "Now for the Sunlight
way of Washing," etc.

CARD BOX COMPETITION.

Open to all aged 17 last birthday and upwards.
PRIZES each Month—60 Silver Keyless Lever
Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

For Competitors sending in the largest number of Card-box
tops containing the word "Sunlight," together with the Names
and Addresses of Householders who do not use "Sunlight"
Soap (one for each card sent in).

Send full Name and Address on Post Card for Rules to LEVER BROS., Ltd.,
Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead.

"Vinolia Soap is of unquestionable excellence,
and much to favour with the profession."
British Medical Journal



PUREST

SAFEST

6°, 8° & 10°

BEST

*
CAUTION
THIS SOAP
HAS NOTHING IN
COMMON WITH ANY
OTHER SOAPS AND
IS NOT TO BE
CONFOUNDED
WITH THEM
B & C^{IE}
*

"An Ideal Soap, delightfully perfumed, and the
skin has a velvety feeling after washing with it."
Clem et al. Druggists.

FOR ALL KINDS OF DECORATION, GILDING, STAINING FLOORS, ETC.
MACPHERSON'S Patented & Registered, PRIZE MEDAL

FOO-CHOW

REAL CHINESE Enamel

GOLD, SILVER,
FIRE, BRONZE,
AND
ALL COLOURS,
and their gradations.
Each Colour is
Intermixable.

DRIES IN FIVE MINUTES. NO SMELL. SIMPLY PERFECT.

The Best and Most Useful for Renewing Faded Furniture, Orna-
menting Bric-à-Brac of all description, etc., and for Baths.

Can be used on oily or greasy surfaces. Brilliant Permanent Gloss.

WRITE FOR PATTERN CARD, POST FREE, from the Manu-
facturers. FOO-CHOW ENAMEL sold everywhere, in 6d.
and 1s. Tins, or will be sent direct from the Manufacturers for 3d.
(stamps) extra.

D. MACPHERSON & CO., KNOT MILLS, MANCHESTER.



"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 114.—THIRD SERIES. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891. PRICE TWOPENCE.

"THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN."

By "RITA."

Author of "Dame Durden," "Gretchen," "Darby and Joan," "Sheba," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V. TOSSED ON TROUBLED SEAS.

ALL night I lay awake in my little cabin, listening to the murmur of the water against the sides of the yacht, and hearing over and over again those words of Huel Penryth. They were wise words and true, and worth remembering. I told myself it was foolish to waste life over a broken dream; foolish to give myself over to imagination and romance; foolish to suffer as I still suffered for sake of that long dead youth of mine from which I had parted with such bitter tears. What was to be gained now by dreams so vain as those I had of late indulged? A miserable, feverish emotion, a restless discontent—mind and body on the rack. Was Penryth right when he said that I had wilfully chosen my own misery, wilfully closed my eyes to what life meant for me?

The wrench of that sudden parting had hurt me less than I had once believed possible. It had also opened my eyes to a danger to which I had been blindly drifting. My cheeks grew hot with sudden shame even here in the night's quiet darkness as I thought of that self-betrayal.

"I can't understand it," I said to myself, helplessly. "Oh, if he had only kept away! Why did he return? Why did he give me all this suffering to bear over again? It was cruel—it was very cruel!"

The tears rolled down in a weak and

childish fashion; I seemed to have lost the self-control and hardness which had restrained emotion through those past days and hours.

"It will have to be fought all over again," I thought; "just as I believed that I had conquered and was safe. And it is so much harder now! Oh, why do we love—why, why?"

Alas! there is no answer to that question, save that it is a law of the life we own.

The bitter shame and humiliation of it all stabbed me with cruel pain. To live, laugh, talk, to face other eyes, play at composure and indifference, and all the time to bear the tortures of longing and regret! That was what love had given me to bear. Oh, why could I not forget? Why could I not kill this pain and fever out of my heart? "It is not even as if he were worthy, or very good," I told myself. "He is no hero; he has been selfish, reckless, cruel from the first; but yet I shall never love any other half so well."

Yet even as I said it, I knew that I must brace every energy and every nerve to fight down this passion which had now become a sin. I could scarcely understand how from relentlessness I had turned to compassion, from anger to pity; how I had allowed myself to drift back to the old weakness and the old danger from which I had believed myself so far removed.

All my better instincts rebelled; all pride and dignity of womanhood rebuked me for the self-betrayal of that last morning on the hill-side, when the veil of silence had been rent between us two. And the shame of discovery, the knowledge that not only Huel Penryth but the Laird himself had guessed something of what

had caused Douglas Hay's abrupt departure, filled me with a great dismay.

Perhaps in a measure they served to brace my energies afresh, to make me see things in that fierce light of reflection from the minds of others, which is at once a revelation and a warning.

There is a moment in life when conviction pierces the veil of all subterfuge; the past and the present confront us; we see clearly at last, and truth forces acknowledgement from heart and lip. That moment was mine now.

I had escaped a great peril. My life felt broken and unstrung; but I was realising by slow and sure degrees that life's hours could not be passed in vain regrets and vain longings. I was unhappy; but I was not alone in my unhappiness. Others had fought the same weary battle, others would fight it long after life had ceased for me.

"Is pain over then?" I wondered, turning fevered brow and tear-wet eyes to the waking dawn.

And my heart whispered, "Not unless death kills memory too."

The Laird had made but brief comment on Douglas's sudden departure; but the girls were loud in lamentation and regret.

"And he has missed the very best of the trip," had been the regretful remark of pretty Jessie McKaye, as the yacht made its way up to Skye, breasting the blue waters like some beautiful white bird.

We passed through Loch Etive, and then made for the Sound of Mull. The weather was still perfect, forcing me to recant my opinions of the Scotch climate. The blue sky and warm sunlight brought out all the soft tints and colours of the hills, and the hues of bracken and fern, and the pearly grey of the rocks, and the dappled cloud-shadows that floated across the deep valleys, and wild, dark stretches of mist.

It was intensely lovely amidst that ever-changing panorama of mountain, and hill, and forest, and sea. Scarce even a boat would break the monotony of the great, foam-flecked stretch of waters, and the moan of breaking waves was only echoed by the wilder and more mournful plaint of the sea birds.

The loneliness and sadness oppressed me in a vague and melancholy way. The girls were merry enough. It mattered

little to them, apparently, whether skies were grey or blue, if storm threatened, or sunlight smiled. But to me it seemed that physical pain would have been easier to bear than this dull ache, this constant sense of repression, and the haunting dread that I had betrayed myself to others.

The Laird's candid eyes and bluff, honest face seemed to me to have acquired a gravity and suspicion hitherto a stranger to them. He almost avoided me, and whenever we anchored and went on shore, as we so frequently did if opportunity offered, I seemed to be always left to the escort and companionship of Huel Penryth.

We had had a month now of this idle, monotonous life; steering our course according to fancy, instead of following the tourist's usual track. At Tobermory the weather suddenly changed, and we were advised to wait for three or four days until the gale had spent itself.

It was very dull and dreary in the little inn, watching the storm-clouds drift over the dull, grey sky, and the rain beating incessantly on the window-panes, and listening to the wild warfare of wind and waves, as their fierce music filled the air through the long days and longer nights.

Sleep and I seemed to have become strangers to one another, and the strain on mind and action began to show itself in a certain feverish unrest. I grew paler and thinner every day, and often I saw Bella eyeing me anxiously, as if she read the change but did not like to question it. She herself seemed perfectly happy and content, and her merry laugh and face were as good as sunshine and sea-breezes to us all. It struck me at this time that the eyes of Robert McKaye, the Laird's friend, had acquired a curious habit of watching and following her about. As for the two girls, they seemed to idolise her, and were never happy away from her.

I thought sometimes that it would be strange if she accepted the position of step-mother, and went back with them to Australia.

I hinted this laughingly to her one evening, and was not a little surprised at the blushes and confusion that responded to my raillery.

"He is a very good man, and a very kind one," she said. "I'm not sure but what I might do worse, Athole."

"Do you think you would be happy?"

I asked, somewhat wistfully. The fact of losing her also out of my life made it take a graver and more gloomy aspect.

"Well, I'm not a romantic body like yourself," she said, laughing, "and I'm very fond of the M'Kayses, one and all, and of all things I should love to go to Australia. I'm not exactly desirous of spending all my days in Scotland."

And these were reasons for marrying! Well, I suppose they were as good as those of many other girls, and Bella's was a safe and sensible nature. She would never be wrecked and tempest-tossed on seas of wild and passionate emotion, never fret heart and soul with love, and jealousy, and fierce anger, and agonised despair as I had done.

"I know he is a very good, kind man," I said, at last; "but he is old enough to be your father, Bella."

"Oh, what of that?" she said, lightly. "I'm not of the sort that falls in love with foolish laddies and such like feckless beings. They're only a trouble and a vexation to me. I've always made up my mind to have a sensible, middle-aged husband, and here's my chance. Besides," she added, with a twinkle in her bright eyes, "when you are a member of a large family it really becomes a duty to relieve your parents of the burden of supporting you longer than is absolutely necessary. And you know, my dear, there's not an atom of sentiment or romance in my composition. I simply couldn't fret, and fume, and dream, and poetise about a man. It may seem very odd, but I couldn't. It isn't in me."

"No," I said, "I don't believe it is. You will go down to your grave, laughing. It is an enviable disposition, but I cannot understand it."

She looked at me keenly, and with a sudden gravity replacing the laughter in her eyes.

"What has come to you, lately, Athole?" she said. "You don't look well, and your spirits are as uncertain as—well, as the weather. Are you wearying of the trip already—or—is it because Douglas Hay left us?"

I felt my face flush hotly.

"Bella," I said, "all that is over and done with. Do not speak of it again. I don't mind confessing that I am unhappy—very unhappy; but that is no new thing. I think my mind is a morbid and dissatisfied one. I have always wanted so much more out of life than it can give. That is a mistake. Perhaps, as I grow

older, I shall grow wiser. I'm sure I need to."

"You seemed much brighter and happier when you first set out," she said.

"Have I not just told you that my nature is altogether wrong?" I said, bitterly. "I grow tired of everything and every one. I am always wanting to know, and to analyse, and to experience; and then when I do get any deeper into a feeling, or the meaning of any action, I feel so disappointed. It never seems a bit like what I imagined it would be."

Bella shook her head reproachfully.

"Foolish," she said. "How often must I say it? What a pity, little coz, that you were not one of a large family. You would soon have all dreaming and sentimentality knocked out of you; depend upon it, life is safer and more wholesome when household duties and occupations demand your attention. I have never had time for fretting, or repining, or 'analysing,' as you call it, and I am sure, I am quite sure, that life is a happier, more satisfactory thing for me than it has been or can be for you."

I looked at the bright face, the clear, honest eyes, the perfect content and genuine good-humour of the whole expression.

"You are quite right, Bella," I said, with a faint sigh of envy. "It has been and it will be happier always."

CHAPTER VI. "POOR LASSIE!"

BEFORE we left Tobermory it was all arranged. Bella was to marry Robert M'Kaye, and return with him and his daughters to his sheep-run in the Eura district at the end of their year's holiday. She wrote to her folk in Inverness to acquaint them with the news, evidently taking their consent for granted, as did also the calm, sensible Scotchman, whose wooing had been conducted on the matter-of-fact and rational principles peculiar to his nation. I regarded them both with feelings of curiosity and wonder. The change in their relative positions did not seem to make any difference in their manner to one another. Robert M'Kaye gave as much of his attention to the Laird as to his affianced bride; and she laughed and jested, and took life in just the same careless, unembarrassed manner as ever. The girls looked upon her as a sister, and the new relationship apparently pleased them greatly.

I think that I was the only one who did not approve of it, though I refrained from saying so. But I knew I should feel very lonely without my merry, good-natured cousin; and the thought of the wide seas separating us could only be a mournful and unwelcome thought to me.

At last the skies cleared, and the rain showed signs of ceasing, so we sailed out of Tobermory Bay and made for Loch Scavaig and Coruisk, with the intention of seeing the wonders of these wild places, and the Spa Cave and Glen Sligachan. I heard the Laird telling Huel Penryth of the desolate and awful grandeur of this wild island, of its black, silent waters, its jagged, twisted rocks, and of all the sombre and ghostly loneliness that there held endless sovereignty. Perhaps those graphic pictures produced a deep impression on my mind. I know the place affected me profoundly. We seemed gliding into a dark and unknown prison, from whence escape would be impossible. The melancholy and sleeplessness from which I had suffered took stronger hold on me. Sometimes I was afraid that I should fall ill, and I longed to ask the Laird to turn back, to leave this wild and fearful place, and take me home to Corriemoor again.

When I stood on deck in the cold, grey twilight that here had none of summer's warmth or brightness, I could not repress a shudder of aversion.

"Ye're no admiring it, Athole, I'm thinking," said the Laird, coming to my side, his hands in the pockets of his rough tweed suit, the unfailing pipe in his mouth.

"No," I said, with unflattering alacrity, "I think it is an awful place."

"Oh! nonsense; it's just grand," he said, heartily, "a bit gloomy perhaps after sunset; but wait till to-morrow, and you'll no be so ready to find fault. A dash of sunshine makes a' the difference."

I was silent.

It seemed impossible to fancy the sun bold enough to flash any warmth or brightness over the great black shoulders of Garaven, or lighting the desolate lake waters that reflected only low and riven rocks, and echoed no more cheerful sound than the call of the water-fowl, or the hollow murmurs of the wind.

The yacht lay motionless in the deep, dark loch. All around were towering mountains and the wild fantastic forms of cliff and rock, while as the twilight deepened, a pale blue mist gathered over the heights, and floated down like a veil

with which the mountain spirits had chosen to shut in their haunted solitudes.

The Laird's voice again broke the silence.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that you're not enjoying the trip as much as you fancied, but it will soon be over. No doubt," he added, presently, "it's a bit dull now there's none o' the singing, and the dancing, and story-telling we aye got from young Douglas Hay."

I felt my cheeks flush with sudden warmth.

"I have not found it dull," I said, quickly, "and I have enjoyed the whole trip immensely; but I cannot say I like this part of it."

"It would be a pity did we no see the Spa Cave now we are so far on our way," he said.

"Oh, by all means let us see whatever ought to be seen," I said, with forced cheerfulness, "I should be sorry to interfere with the plans you have made."

"But you must not think I would make any plans that might not please you," he said, gravely, "I planned this trip for your sake. I really did wish to give you a little pleasure. After all, Corriemoor is but a dull place for a young thing—I ought to have remembered that long ago."

I was almost too startled to speak; I had never heard him express such concern or interest in my life. He had always seemed to take for granted that my tastes were identified with his own, and subservient to his wishes.

"You are very good," I said, hurriedly; "and pray—pray do not think this has not been a great pleasure to me. It is only that lately I have not been quite strong or well, and here it is so bleak and cold. I am rather like a swallow for southern latitudes," I added, with a little nervous laugh, as I saw how grave his face looked.

There was a long silence, uncomfortably long it seemed to me, used as I was to the Laird's "silent bars" as I called them.

Then quite suddenly he laid his hand on my shoulder, the big, rough hand that had never pleased my fastidious tastes. Its touch now was very gentle, and there was something almost deprecating in the glance that met my own. A faint gleam of moonlight fell upon his face through the parting mists that veiled the sky. It was pale, serious, almost distressed.

"Poor lassie!" he said, very softly—and turned away.

I remained there leaning against the side of the yacht. I was trembling greatly. I wondered what had caused that sudden tenderness—that look of compassion. Had he really read something of my miserable secret, and did he now attribute the change in me to Douglas Hay's departure? The thought stabbed me with sharp and bitter shame. Perhaps he now was repenting of the mistake he had made—perhaps he, too, recognised the fact that our marriage was altogether unsuitable.

Looking back on its brief years I could not say that I had shown myself very loving, or very companionable; but then, on the other hand, he had been to the full as engrossed in his own pursuits and occupations as I in my sorrows and my dreams. He had never seemed to want me. There was very little sympathy between us—that subtle undercurrent of mutual liking and comprehension which makes two natures agree so easily, and understand so readily what pleases or interests or absorbs each.

He had been unobservant, and I had been reticent. He had passed his life in his old, accustomed manner, and no doubt believed that I was perfectly content with him, forgetting how new and strange it must have seemed, and how dull and commonplace it must have been for a young girl, who had no society, no companions, and could not find engrossing interest in mere household drudgery.

"Oh, what a mistake it has been!" I said to myself now, with a bitterness born of intense hopelessness. "Why did he not take my first 'no,' and believe it; or why was I so foolish as to yield? We could not have been more unhappy; but we might so easily have been less."

Even as I thought it, I felt a warm shawl wrapped about my shoulders. The Laird had returned again. I looked up gratefully.

"Thank you, Donald," I said.

I so seldom called him by his name, that I suppose it surprised him. His quick glance met mine with a flash of sudden pleasure.

"You've been aye long standing there, Athole," he said. "Will ye not walk a bit now, unless you prefer to go below? The others are at card-playing and fortune-telling, and such like foolishness."

"Oh, I don't care to go below," I said; "and the night is getting clear. How wonderfully white the stars look!" I added, in amazement, as I looked up at the sky, which now seemed of a curious lambent green, unlike anything I had ever seen before.

A faint wind brought with it the song of distant streams travelling seawards from the far-off mountain heights. The solemn stillness of the night held no other sound.

"They always look white up here," said the Laird; "I suppose it is something in the atmosphere. The place does not look so weird and strange now, does it? And when you see it to-morrow in the sunshine you'll think it's just wonderful, wi' all the colours of the coast, and the rocks, and the clouds, and the loch reflecting them like a mirror. No doubt you think I'm over fond of praising my own land," he added, presently; "but I suppose it's but natural to a Scotchman."

"I think it's a very pardonable pride," I said; "I had no idea there was such beautiful scenery to be found in these wild regions."

"There's M'Kaye, now," he went on, complacently; "he's travelled eno' to ken what scenery is like, and what foreign countries are worth. He'll no be content ever again in them. He's made up his mind to retire from business, and lay his bones to rest here in his native land."

I laughed involuntarily.

"He ought not to talk of laying his bones to rest as a reason for his return," I said. "What about Bella?"

"No doubt," he answered, gravely; "she will do him good and stir him up a bit. He's of a somewhat grave and desponding nature."

"Well, she certainly is the very opposite," I said. "I always look upon her as a cure for low spirits and dulness."

"You'll be missing her, I fear," he said, somewhat anxiously.

"Indeed, yes," was my candid and somewhat sorrowful response. "I am fonder of her than of any of my other cousins."

"Or—or any one else here, I often think," he said, with an odd, harsh, little laugh.

I looked at him astonished. Was it possible, conceivable even, that he should mind my partiality?

"She is so bright, and has such a happy, contented nature," I said, "and she has always been so good to me."

"Have not other folk been—that?" he asked, suddenly.

There was uneasiness in his tone; but his eyes as I met their glance were very kind and very anxious.

"Oh yes," I said, cheerfully, "you surely do not imagine that I am finding fault with any of my kinsfolk."

"Athole," he said, stopping abruptly, and half facing me in the clear, pale moonlight, "how old are you?"

"More than twenty now," I answered. "What made you ask?"

"I—I hardly know," he said, resuming his walk by my side. "Perhaps it was something M'Kaye said when he first saw you. And yet he's not proved himself much wiser. There's no such a very great difference between your age and Bella Cameron's; only she's so big, and fine, and womanly, and has a managing way wif her that you could never get—I'm thinking."

"Would you like me to get it?" I asked, laughing in spite of myself at the idea. "Because I could ask Bella to teach me—you know."

He shook his head gravely.

"No, my dear—I would not have you changed—only—only——"

"Only what?" I said quickly, struck by something sad and almost regretful in his voice.

"Only," he said, huskily, "I wish that I could set you free again, and see your face as it used to look, without that wistful, haunting shadow upon it. It's not a pleasant thought to me, my dear, that I brought it there."

"Oh, Donald!" I cried, impulsively.

A little catch in my breath frightened me. I must not break down; yet I was so weak, and nervous, and unstrung, that I could scarcely command myself. I only longed to lean my head against that strong arm I held, and sob out my misery and loneliness as a frightened child might have done. But what could I say that he would understand? And what would he ask that I could never explain?

Between us there had always been a barrier; and now it seemed to me that something of shame lurked in the background of these widening months of coldness and estrangement. The time had gone by for frank confidence. Regret and sorrow were all that he could feel for the mistake he had made; that in some way had made itself plain to him at last.

So I controlled myself by a strong

effort; and he, waiting patiently for the conclusion of that impulsive sentence, must have felt that I had no will for confidence. Silence fell between us again—silence the brief span of which was filled with doubt and sorrow, till broken by the voices and the presence of others.

They were trooping up on deck, chattering and laughing, and full of admiring wonder at the scene before them. The lights of the yacht were shining on spar and rigging, and threw dancing reflections on the dark, rippling water. The stars had grown larger and whiter as the night came on. There was a far-off sound of unseen waves, and the cry of the sea-birds still fluttering recklessly from rock to rock.

"No one has brought us the promised plumage of those wonderful birds we heard so much of," I said, turning to the Laird. "I suppose the fowling-pieces in the saloon are only for ornament?"

"Indeed, no," he said, eagerly. "Were you wanting a wing or two? I would have got them for you long ago. But these are common sort of birds. A heron or a guillemot, now, would be worth having."

"You'll hardly get the guillemot here, will you?" said M'Kaye.

"There's no saying," the Laird answered. "Out seawards, yonder, we might pick up wif some. I won't forget," he added, looking at me.

"But I'm not so very anxious," I explained, eagerly; "and if it's any trouble—or risk——"

He laughed his bluff, hearty laugh.

"Tut, tut, lassie, don't fash yourself. It's a poor creature Donald Campbell would be if he could na' manage boat and gun at his time of life. You shall hae your bird before we turn south again. It's no' often ye ask me for anything."

There was a look in his face and his eyes as I met them under the white lustre of the shining stars which I had never seen before—which was destined to haunt me for many a long day to come.

PHŒBE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

"FIVE years penal servitude."

That was the judge's sentence at the end of old George Lister's trial, and I don't think there was a soul in the Court, except George Lister himself, who was in any

wise inclined to quarrel with it. Indeed, taking into account all the worry and bother we keepers had had over him ever since I'd been in Lord Bewley's service—now a matter of six months—and the damage he done to Mr. Ellis, the head-keeper, the night we caught him down by Bewley Water, with a bag of birds over his shoulder—considering all this, I don't think that I, for one, should have looked on it as unreasonable if the sentence had been seven years, or even ten. At one moment I had been well nigh afraid he'd be let off a great deal too easy; and I truly believe if it hadn't been for my evidence, which the judge told the Court was very clear and well given, that he'd have only had twelve months at the outside.

He was aware of that himself, and when the police were taking him from the dock, he turned to where I was standing, and said, out loud enough for all who listened to hear him:

"Evan Barry, you've done your best to spoil what is left of my life, and to ruin them as I care for, so if an old man's curse can do you any harm, don't you look for any good luck to befall you."

"You've no one to blame but yourself, George Lister," I answered, nothing moved, "for what's fallen on you. As to me, the good I shall get by being rid of you on my beat will more than make up for any bad luck your curses can bring me."

Then the constables hurried him out, and I went out of the Court and down to the railway station.

From Winchester to Bewley isn't so far as the crow flies; but it's an awkward bit of ground to get over. Our case had lasted till late in the afternoon, and by the time I had taken the train to Southampton, and the ferry across the water, it was getting dusk, for it was the latter end of September, when the days are drawing in. Moreover, the evening was chill, so I left the wooden pier and started along the Bewley road at a brisk pace. I had six miles between me and my supper, and I was in no small hurry to tell the story of the trial to Mr. Ellis, the head-keeper, who was still laid up with that knock on the head which he got from George Lister's gun. I knew he'd be as pleased as I was to think of Lister safe in Winchester Gaol, and of the lesson it'd be to the rest of the poaching scamps who lived on the outskirts of Bewley Manor.

Thinking over the course of the day, I got to the top of the hill, where the fenced

land comes to an end and Bewley Heath begins. Here I pulled myself together for a fresh spurt. I had no mind to let the grass grow under my feet across the heath, which is by no means a canny road after nightfall, especially when your gun and your dogs are at home, and you have nothing but a thick stick in your hand.

I've heard people say, some as should have known better, too, that Bewley Heath is a beautiful place. Now I've seen country enough to be something of a judge, but for the life of me I can't see where the beauty of it comes in. All I make of it is a piece of wild common land, stretching out flat and dreary beneath storm and sun, where nothing grows but gorse and heather, and just here and there, by the little bits of ponds, a group of brambles and a couple of stunted birches. Besides which, handsome is as handsome does, and the heath has a name bad enough to set any reasonable, law-abiding man against it. I've heard from people who belong to those parts—which I don't myself—that, not so very long ago, it was not safe to go unarmed or alone along the bleak, bare roads that cross it, and though those days are over, the heath folk have still a name for wildness and lawlessness. If they had been tenants of his lordship, there might perhaps have been a remedy found; but the Manor stops short at the heath, and the squatters who had built bits of hovels on the edge of the common land were freeholders of the Crown, and much as Lord Bewley would have liked to turn one or two of them adrift, he'd no more power to do it than they had to turn him out of the Manor House.

The heath roads were always lonely enough, so it was no wonder for me to walk that evening more than half way across without seeing a living creature except the forest donkeys and ponies among the heather; when, suddenly, I was aware of voices a little distance from the road, and, as I pulled up to listen, a woman's figure rose up from the scrub, and called to me to stop.

"Who are you?" I shouted back, "and what do you want?"

"I want help," was the answer, "if you're in the humour to give it."

It was not a voice I knew, but the sound of it caught my fancy, and, little as I should have been minded two minutes before to turn aside from my homeward way, I was ready and willing enough to

make further acquaintance with her as called me.

"What is it you want help for?" I asked, when I'd come through the gorse to where she stood, doing my best at the same time to see what she was like, which wasn't easy, seeing that it was almost dark.

"I want you to give me a hand with this poor boy," she said; "there, take care where you're going, or you'll tread on him. Here," she went on, bending down, "here he's been lying this hour or more, and every time I go to move him he screams, else I'd have carried him home long ago, far as it is."

While she was speaking I got out my matches and struck one. There lay the boy, a lad of about ten, on the ground, with his leg doubled up under him, as if it must be broken, and bending over him the girl. The flame of the match didn't give me much chance of seeing the colour of her eyes, or the set of her features; but the little I could make out made me uncommon wishful to see more of her. It was a dark, pale face, with a proud, wilful look in it, which puzzled and pleased me all at once; and she wasn't from Bewley village, that I saw at a glance, only as I couldn't make quite so bold as to ask her straight out about herself, I began about the boy.

"What's happened to him?" I asked, "and how did he get into this mess?"

"He got a kick from one of them wild ponies," she said, sharply; "but it doesn't much matter how it happened—there he is, and if you are going to help don't stop to talk. Arty," she went on, speaking very sweet and tender, as she turned from me to the boy, "here's a man who was going by. Perhaps he can lift you up without hurting you."

"No, he canna," whined the lad, "he shan't touch me. Let me alone, Phoebe, send him away."

"Come, come," I began, "this won't do, my lad. If you lie here on the cold, damp ground you'll have more than broken bones. Now let us hoist you up on my back, and when you're there we'll make the best of the way to your mother and your bed."

I wondered in my mind whether perhaps he was one of the gipsy children, of which there are always plenty on the heath.

"Now, my lass," I went on, "suppose you help him up a bit, so that when I stoop down he can put his arms round my neck. You mustn't heed his screeching. It'd be

a great deal crueller to let him have his own way."

So between us, in spite of a good deal of opposition on his part, which not all her coaxing and kind words could pacify, we hoisted him up on to my shoulders, and I did my best to hold his leg, which I felt now was badly broken, so as to give him the least pain I could.

"And now," I said, "seeing that we're ready to start, will you please tell me which way you want me to go?"

"To the Bewley side of the heath," she answered, "to the third cottage from the white gate."

"And what are you going there for?" I asked, quite surprised.

"Because we live there," she answered.

"You ain't by any chance kin of George Lister," I went on, "that you live in his cottage?"

"Yes, we are," she answered, sharply, as much as to say she wasn't ashamed of belonging to him. "I'm his daughter, and this lad is his son. We were out to meet him on his way back from Winchester. Only Arty got running after a pony and it kicked him, and it's too late to—wait for father any longer."

"You'd have waited a long time for nothing I'm afraid," and I felt mortal sorry for her that I should have to tell her so, since she seemed so eager to see him, and so sure he'd come; "it'll be many a long day before George Lister's seen on Bewley Heath again."

She put out her hand and caught my arm. I could feel she trembled.

"You don't mean to say he's sentenced to prison!" she cried. "What cruelty and injustice there is in the world! And you're coming back from Winchester—then——"

"Phoebe Lister," I began, feeling rather awkward, "if that's your name, I'm main sorry for your trouble; but don't go to miscall them as have punished your father. There's a right and a wrong to every matter; and if a man's caught at two o'clock in the morning shooting birds in the close season he's pretty clearly in the wrong."

"That's the way you look at it," she cried, fiercely, "that's how you're paid to look at it. I know now who you are, though I didn't notice before, being so took up with Arty, and with wondering about father. Perhaps it's a good thing for the child I didn't guess, for I'd rather he'd a lain there alone, while I ran across

the heath for help than be beholden to you for a minute."

It wasn't too dark to see the anger in her pale face as she turned upon me; but she looked all the handsomer for it, and I said to myself that, being a woman, it was perhaps only to be expected she should have no reason in her; but aloud I said nothing, for I did not dare to try and comfort her as I would have liked to.

"And what was the sentence?" she asked, after awhile, in a hard, dry voice. "I suppose from what you say that he's got at least a twelvemonth."

"It's more than that," I answered; "he's got five years."

It was a very different matter to say this to his daughter, than to tell it to Ellis the head-keeper, or at the "Bewley Arms."

"Five years!" she cried, "he is to rot in gaol for five years, because he has killed half-a-dozen of the creatures that God made for the use of everybody."

"The birds belong to his lordship," I said, "it ain't me as made the law, nor yet the judge; and there's no good arguing with the law. But mind you, if he'd only meddled with the game he'd have got off cheaper; but he fought like a tiger——"

"And suppose he'd been half killed in the fray, instead of Mr. Ellis, would any of you have been put in prison? You set on him and he defended himself, and he's punished. Arty," she went on, "do you hear?—father's got five years, and it's Evan Barry, the new keeper, him as is at the bottom of it all, that's carrying you."

The boy granted something—he didn't seem to care.

"Phoebe Lister," I cried, "a man's bound to do his duty, whatever it is, and if my doing my duty has brought trouble on you, I'm sorry for it; but I can't say your father was in his rights."

"There's no need to say any more," she said, and she walked on in front of me, and I followed her, till at last just before we came to the Manorland she turned off the road, and led the way along the grassy track at the side of the heath, past a pile or two of brushwood and a couple of old sheds to a broken-down wicket in a furze-fence. She lifted the wicket on its hinges, and we went through, up a long garden path. The cottage stood at the end of the garden. There was no light, nothing, but the door stood open.

Phoebe went in first, and struck a light.

"Bring him in here, please," she said—and she spoke as if it was pain to her to speak to me—"and lay him down on the bed; and as you go past the 'Forest Arms' just ask if Jim Meers, the bone-setter, is anywhere about."

"There's no need to go after Jim Meers," I said; "I know as much about bones as he does. I've put many a dog's leg to rights; and a bone's a bone, no matter what's the animal. So, if you'll help me to some splints and some bandaging, and give me a hand, there'll be no need to waste time looking for Jim, who may be over at Brockenhurst or Lymington for all we know."

I looked into her face as I said this; but she turned her eyes away from me.

"I'd rather have had Jim Meers; but, as you say, he may be out of reach; and what should I do if Arty was crippled for life? Yes, you can see to him, if you will."

Then, without another word of thanks, she asked me what I wanted, and helped me to undress the boy—which was no easy matter, considering he screeched as if I wanted to kill him. It took a lot of time, and still more of patience, to get the bone in place; and when we'd finished I saw that Phoebe's eyes were red with crying, and her face as pale as a ghost's. She'd been so tender with him, that I longed to say something to comfort her, for it was easy to see she set store on kindly words; but there was that in her look that sent back what rose to my lips, and all I said was:

"There, we can do no more for him now; but I'll come to-morrow and see after him. And don'tee take on and fret; he'll soon be better."

"I ain't fretting," she said, drawing herself up. "I'm obliged to you for what you've done, and if there was anything in the house to offer you, I'd offer it. But beyond a loaf of bread and some butter-milk——"

"Nay," I cried, "I don't want anything. You're welcome to all I've done, and to all I can do; and if you'd shake hands with me before I go, I'd feel more than paid back."

But she only shook her head.

"Nay, Evan Barry," she said, "don't ask me to shake hands with you; I canna', I canna'."

"Very well, Phoebe Lister," I replied, trying to speak as if I didn't care; "then I bid you good night without."

As I said it, I walked out into the dark garden, down the narrow path, through the rickety gate, and out on to the heath. Then I turned to look back. I half expected that Phoebe would have followed me a few steps, that she would think better of what she had said; but there was no sign of her—nothing to be seen but the faint light shining from the little window.

After that, I went on my way home in a very different mood from that I started in from Winchester. The pleasure of having had the best of it was over. As I thought of Phoebe Lister's pale face and dark eyes, of her quivering lip and sweet voice, I felt that, big a pest as poachers are, I'd have put up with any amount of them, sooner than know she thought hard things of me. And she didn't look like a girl to change her mind. As I'd seen her, so I could fancy her abiding; and, indeed, as long as her father was in prison, how could she look kindly on me?

Then the thought of George Lister's words, as the policeman took him away, came back to me; and I remembered that the Bewley people were afraid of him, because they said he could cast an evil eye on those who had crossed him. I had always laughed at such talk as nonsense; but that night I felt almost as if something might come of the ill-luck he had promised me.

So, what with one thing and another, when I lit my pipe, and started for John Ellis's, I seemed to have quite a load on my mind which I couldn't get the better of.

Generally speaking, when I had anything to take me to the head-keeper's lodge of an evening—and I often found I had to go—I put my briskest foot foremost and whistled as I went. And if I got there before dusk, I mostly found Grace Ellis at the gate to wish me good evening, with such a pleasant smile, that I knew she had been on the look-out for me. And when we came into the house after a bit of talk outside, John Ellis would wink at me, and chaff us a little. Moreover, Mrs. Ellis would find an opportunity for telling me what a good daughter Grace was, and what a good wife she'd make for some one.

So somehow it had come to be said that Grace and I were courting, though as yet

I'd never said a word to her that I might not have said to any girl. I was ready enough to believe she'd make a good wife; but I wasn't in any hurry to marry, nor to begin courting in earnest, so I put up with all John Ellis's chaff, and I listened to Mrs. Ellis's talk, and I said to myself that there was no hurry about the matter.

Looking back now, I can see that if I'd really cared for the lass, I shouldn't have managed to put it to myself so coolly; but in those days I didn't know what caring for a woman meant; I didn't know what it was to have a woman's face and a woman's voice always dwelling in my mind, and one name always sounding in my heart. I didn't know what it was to spend all my days and a good part of my nights looking forward to a few minutes that would soon pass, or in counting up words and looks, and trying to find a new meaning for them every time I remembered them.

When all that came to me—and it began to come that September night—Grace Ellis had nothing whatsoever to do with it.

When I got to the lodge it was too dark for any one to be outside; besides, I hadn't whistled as I came. I had been too busy thinking. It was Grace, however, who opened the door when I knocked.

"Ah! Evan, is it you?" she said, as if she was glad to see me. "We'd almost given you up. I'd just said, perhaps the case hadn't come on, and you'd had to stay in Winchester. Have you only just come? We've saved some supper for you. Come in, it's a nasty raw evening for a long walk."

"Thank'ee, Grace. I've had my supper, and, perhaps, as it's so late, I'd better not disturb you. You can tell your father——"

"Nay, my lad," called out John Ellis, from within; "we can't have you keeping all your talk for Gracie. Come in and let us all hear the news. She'll have her share, I warrant her."

So I went in to the warm, comfortable room where Ellis and his wife sat one on each side of the hearth; and Grace came after me, shaking her head at her father and blushing. How different it all was to George Lister's dark, poor little cottage, where Phoebe was sitting alone with her troubles.

Then I had to tell my tale from beginning to end; that is, to the end of

the trial. Of George Lister's last words to me I said nothing, nor of what had happened on the way home.

"Dear, dear!" said Grace, when I'd finished, "he was a bad lot, I dare say, and he's got what he deserved; but don't it seem dreadful for a man, who's lived the free life George Lister has, to be shut up in prison?"

"It's almost as bad for them as belong to him," I said.

There was something in me that made me want to speak about Phoebe, however I brought it in.

"He ain't got much by way of belongings," said Ellis. "There's a great, good-for-nothing slip of a girl who ought to have been out at service this long time."

"I should like to see who'd take Lister's girl into their service," put in Mrs. Ellis. "She's as bad a one as there is on Bewley Heath, and that's saying a good deal."

"Nay, missus," said Ellis, "don't go for to take away more of her character than she's lost. She's a wild one, and she's dirtier and untidier than a woman should be; but there's nothing worse to be said again' her."

"Isn't there?" cried Mrs. Ellis. "And what about that business of young Meyrick? Was that the sort of way for a decent girl to go on?"

"Come, missus, I don't want to take the girl's part; but young Meyrick was more to blame than she was."

"Don't talk to me," cried Mrs. Ellis again. "The girls are always worse than the men in such things. I tell you, she's no good, and no good'll come of her. Indeed, it don't say very much for a girl that she'll look twice at Harry Meyrick, let alone encourage him. I know if he were to come after our Grace I'd soon send him to the right-about, though his father is one of the chief tenants, and rides his own horses. What do you say, Evan Barry?"

"I say nought, Mrs. Ellis," I answered, trying hard to look as if it was no business of mine. "I don't know enough about the matter to have a say."

"That's true," said John Ellis. "The talk was mostly over before Evan come to Bewley. Besides, why should he bother his head about such a young wastrel as Meyrick's son, still less about Lister's daughter? Why, man, you arn't on the move! Fill another glass and light another pipe. We can't let you go yet, can we, Gracie?"

But I'd got up and reached my hat, and I wouldn't sit down again. I wanted to be alone, and to piece out what I had just learnt about Phoebe—which had come upon me like a blow in the dark—with what I remembered to have heard when I first came to Bewley in the summer.

Of the gossip that had been going about at that time I had taken but little notice, for, as Ellis said, what was Harry Meyrick and his wild ways to me, or, at least, what had I fancied they could have to do with me?

It was odd to think that I should be doing my best to recall all that I had heard folk say of him and of a half-gipsy girl on the heath, how he had told every one he was going to marry her, how his mother had cried and gone down on her knees to him; and how his father had threatened to turn him out of doors without a shilling. And either his father or his mother, or the two together, and, perhaps, a little of his own fickle nature, had got the better of him, so that he had been persuaded to go away to Stockbridge to manage for his father's brother, who was ill. Some people said the girl had followed him; some said otherwise; and by degrees the talk had died out, much to Mrs. Meyrick's joy, who gave out everywhere that now her son was going on very steady, and giving them all satisfaction.

All that I had known quite well—as every man, woman, and child in the place had known it—without caring one rap how it had begun or how it might end. And to think that all the time it had been Phoebe Lister—the girl I had seen and spoken to that night—who had been mixed up in it, blamed and ill-spoken of before me a score of times—just as Mrs. Ellis had spoken of her—only with the difference that all the other times I had paid no attention, while, this time, a dull, heavy anger had come over me to think that all this should have been, and that I had had no chance with her first!

She had cared for him. Well, I had not the heart to blame her for that. However bad a man is, there is generally a woman who finds him good enough to care for. As I got cooler, I told myself that it was all an old story, and that, moreover, it had most likely lost nothing in the telling; that Phoebe, who looked as proud and stand-off, was not the girl to act foolishly, if she was a bit wild, nor to let a man trifle with her; till, at last, what with one thing or another, I

managed—as people mostly can when their wishes pull them hard one way—to persuade myself that whatever had been between Harry Meyrick and Phœbe Lister was all over now, and that, when he had gone away and left her, she had put the thought of him away.

As to her character—little as I had seen of her—I was ready to stand up for it against all Bewley, or even all Hampshire, if need were.

MORNING IN THE BOROUGH MARKET.

It is just the dawn of day, the morning air is sweet and fresh, if somewhat keen, even in the heart of the City, where the rows of gas-lamps still shine brightly; a heavy dew has fallen in the night—at least we should call it dew in the country, but depreciators of London will perhaps say that it is only congealed fog. Anyhow, whether dew or congealment, it has made the side-walks a little slippery, and the sounds of footsteps—there are not many—are dulled, and the few vehicles that are about pass almost noiselessly by. Where, in a few hours' time, will surge the full tide of traffic, now stands an early breakfast stall, where the cans of tea and coffee steam away bravely over the glowing little furnace, and the light of the fire, and of the paraffin lamps, hung here and there about the little structure, give its interior a quite bright and festive appearance.

The air is fresher and keener as London Bridge is reached, and the daylight stronger. The bridge, too, is fairly alive, with a stream of men in workmen's dress setting in towards the City, and a sprinkling of carts, and early vans rumbling on in the same direction. And, peering over the parapet of the dry arch, behold Lower Thames Street, in a strange mingled light—a light that is partly derived from the glowing windows of the taverns, and the gleaming rows of lamps, while the house-tops and chimneys, and a solitary cat that watches the scene from on high, are more distinctly visible by the light of day. But there is the street all crammed with carts and horses, and a throng of people on the footways, while the white blouses of the fish porters are so many moving luminous points among the dark crowd, where everybody else seems stuck fast and motionless. The serried lines of carts

and vans stretching in all directions, and filling distant bye-streets, and choking up obscure City squares, throw a branch out this way too, and we have fish-carts up to the very head of the bridge, so that Billingsgate and the Borough Market over the river would soon join hands were not the bridge kept clear for traffic.

What sight is there that can compare with the view from the crest of London Bridge in the calm of early morning, when the hazy light is spreading like descending wings on the City, that is half sleeping, and half waking? Lights twinkle from the shipping, and gleam in the dark waters; but in the tideway a radiant streak of daylight makes a path among the clusters of masts and funnels, and throws a glow upon the murky piles of buildings, and upon the keep of the grim old Tower of London that peers above them. Just below, a steamer is taking in cargo for the Rhine, and a great gush of white steam, that curls upward from its 'escape pipe, catches the daylight too, and the signal is passed to the white trail of a railway train that is crossing the river higher up, while wafts of steam from docks and factories catch the morning rays, and give evidence that another day's work has begun.

Daylight has reached the foot of the bridge before us, and is pouring down into that strange under-world, where tall hoardings and dusky alleys surround the buttresses and pinnacles of the cathedral-like church of Saint Saviour's, whose comely tower rises white and stately from out of the din and hubbub of the market below.

Early as the hour may be, there is no question as to the Borough Market being fully awake. Streams of people passing to and fro, hoarse shouts and stentorian cries, the murmur of many voices from the glass-roofed beehive that forms the market-house, sights dimly seen, and sounds confusedly heard, from the higher level of the bridge, are evidence sufficient of the traffic that is going on down below. Descending the artificial mount that forms the approach to the bridge on the Southwark side, the evidence is more abundant that this is no affair of small potatoes, but a great mart and market which affords supplies to the great bulk of southern London. Light carts and heavy vans, tilted waggons and fragile shandrydans are drawn up two and three deep on each side of the street, and leave but a narrow passage between for

carts which are still arriving, and others that are driving off.

We can see where all this concourse begins; but it is difficult to find out where it ends. Up one street and down another, among courtyards and alleys and narrow passages, the trail may be pursued of these intricate lines of carts and horses. But when you may think that you have fairly reached the very last of the long array, behold the line begins again round the corner, and its actual finish is still to seek.

Upon this spot—that is, on the confines of the Borough Market at the foot of London Bridge, and under the shadow of the great church of Saint Saviour's—are at this moment massed the commissariat waggons of South London, that vast and closely peopled district, the limits of which are ever widening and extending. It is easy to judge of the extent and importance of the area served by the market; for your greengrocer is a man who does not shun publicity, and he rather delights to advertise his name and residence in big letters on his big van, and inform us, who may look, that, as well as keeping a stock of all kinds of vegetables, and dealing in coal, he is ready to remove furniture carefully, and that a supply of spring vans for pleasure parties is constantly on hand. And it is safe to say that from Wandsworth in the west to Greenwich in the east, every district in South London has sent its train of greengrocers' carts and vans to the Saturday morning market in the Borough.

Rambling about among the purlieus of the market, the impression is still retained of being in the undercroft of the world in general. The morning mist hangs about alleys and passages. Stoney Street is not yet fully illumined by daylight; there is a twilight gloom about Three Crowns Square; and Clink Street—which recalls the ancient "liberty" of the Clink—boasts a prison-like and vaulty atmosphere. Coming to the market building itself, there, amidst flaring gas-lamps and great arcades of vegetables, everything is in the full swing of movement and activity. The salesmen from their desks are shouting forth their wares and prices, and discussing things in general in a light and sportive vein with an audience of buyers around them. Customers are hurrying round from one stand to another; country growers, who sell and vaunt their own produce, are bawling lustily in people's ears; porters, with great baskets on their

shoulders, rush the avenues, and sweep before them considering and unconsidered bystanders.

The noise and bustle is confounding; but, as a compensation, how delicious are the odours, which rouse all one's memories of country things! Now it is a pungent whiff from bundles of freshly pulled turnips, that suggest autumn days and quiet fields. But turnips are in great demand at this moment.

"Turnips in yet, Joe?" bawls one with a beard, who is in the thick of the business.

"Yes," replies another, briefly.

"That's right," says the bearded man.

And presently the gathering pile of turnips is swept away, and we lose the contrast of their white and green with the dull red of the carrots—stacked in great bundles close by. The sweeter perfume of the carrot is overpowered by the delightful savour of unnumbered bundles of celery; while the eye is feasted with the tawny orange, the delicate pinks and bright crimsons of stacks of rhubarb. What rhubarb-pies will be baked to-morrow in Camberwell! And how Dulwich will rejoice in this harbinger of the coming spring! Nor are there wanting more exotic luxuries and more delicate perfumes. Hot-house grapes and new potatoes may be sought and found in the Borough Market; and though there is no regular flower-market, yet violets and white hyacinths—great baskets of them—fill the neighbouring air with fragrance; and women are making them up into little bouquets—not for button-holes for "mashers," but for the widowed and bereaved, who will tenderly deposit them to-morrow on the graves of loved and lost ones.

Do not think, though, that there is much sentiment about the Borough Market. All is rough and ready there—rough of tongue and ready in repartee; the language of the place is often highly flavoured, and the market porters are not famed for amenity of manners, and they are said to be quarrelsome among themselves when the work is done, and the wages are being spent. Some of them in their leisure hours may join the bands of roughs who meet for combat and revelry about the Mint—the Southwark Mint, whose only coinage is now an occasional batch of bad shillings, although a mint was there in the time of Henry the Eighth; and the district owes some of its evil

reputation to the immunities it acquired as a Royal Palace, which in after times made it a refuge for all kinds of loose characters. The market itself, it may be added, is built upon Rochester Yard, formerly the courtyard of the mansion of the Bishop of that ilk; and Great and Little Park Street close by are the only reminders that Southwark Park stretched along here by the riverside, the shady groves of which belonged to the stately mansion of the lordly Bishops of Winchester, whose jurisdiction extended over the liberty of the Clink.

In the meantime there is no sign of cessation in the turmoil of traffic about the market. A wide, open yard, right under the east window of the church, is packed with country carts, all bespattered with country mud, and dexterously packed to a great height with country cabbages, which are being thrown out by men who reckon them in tens and hundreds, and rattled into great baskets, and carried off on the shoulders of porters to where the carts are waiting outside to carry them off, where cries resound for Chapman, Jones, Smith, or whatever the names may be of the consignees.

When the greengrocers are filled as to their vans, and sent away, the costermongers begin to arrive. Indeed, the one class melts insensibly into the other, although the difference is wide, perhaps, between the man who goes round with a cart, but has a shop likewise, and may be a ratepayer, or a jurymen on occasion, and the man with a hired barrow, who has only a few shillings of stock money between himself and destitution.

But another class of buyers come to the Borough Market. What about nuts for the fairs, and for the little shooting-galleries that appeal to the propensities of small boys for both firearms and nuts? There are merchants of cocoa-nuts, too, and here are great cases of oranges, and piles of apples in barrels, all of which have no great distance to travel from the sale rooms of the fruit merchants about Fish Street Hill and the Monument, to the stores of the Borough Market.

An interesting point about this market is that it made itself without charter or anything of the kind. Originally a mere roadside market, such as often springs up along a populous thoroughfare, as in the Old Kent Road at this present date, and near the "Angel," Islington, or in the Hammersmith Road—gatherings often

obnoxious to the authorities of the district, but which, being adapted to the humble, popular convenience, have a vitality which it is hard to repress. And in the same way the Borough Market, as it formerly existed, aligned upon the Borough High Street and circling about Saint George's Church, as if by hereditary transmission from old Southwark fair, was considered a nuisance by all who passed that way on other business bent, and in the end was provided by the City authorities with a locale of its own, the site which it now occupies. The market has increased and flourished, till it has outgrown its present quarters, and has become an important centre for its own particular trade.

But the great staple of the market, after all, is potatoes. That is a trade that goes on all day long and every day, and the offices and warehouses of potato salesmen and potato merchants cluster thickly about the courts and squares in the neighbourhood. Fortunes have been made in potatoes, and before now the humble stall-keeper has risen to a mansion in Clapham, with carriage and livery servants to match.

"Well, look at the potato market," says a salesman, who, from his little box is surrounded by tons of potatoes piled up in sacks and boxes, or rolling loose in their own appropriate pens, "and look at the population of London, four millions and a half we'll say, people who don't think they've had their dinner without a few potatoes. And put them down at half a pound a day a head—and that don't half supply my family—well, there goes nine hundred tons of potatoes a day at least for London and suburbs; and reckon them at eighty shillings a ton to be moderate, and there you have between three and four thousand pounds a day changing hands, and chiefly paid down on the nail, and mostly here or at Spittlefields."

Hereabouts potatoes and hops are a good deal intermixed, and the offices of the hop merchant and the potato dealer are found cheek by jowl. And hops and "taters" play the part of Box and Cox in the farce, and when one is off the other is on, and so they agree very well together on the whole.

Beyond the turbid bustle of the market are quiet, gloomy spots, where great warehouses shut out the light of day, and are linked together by flying bridges over-head. Here in a narrow nook, shut in

by lofty walls is a little dock, where one has a glimpse of the river beyond, and which is identified as bearing the name of Saint Mary Overy Dock. An ancient notice-board affixed to the wall affords this much information, and states as well that inhabitants of Saint Saviour's parish are entitled to land their goods at this dock free of all tolls and charges. The notice is signed by one who holds the solemn function of the "Warden of the Great Account." It is an ancient notice-board, and probably the Warden himself has gone to his "great account" long ere this. The dock, too, is an ancient one, for Saint Mary Overy has not been officially known since the dissolution of the priory, when its precincts and the adjoining parish of Saint Margaret's were formed into the united parish of Saint Saviour's, by which title the old church has ever since been known. This dock no doubt is the original priory dock, where ships from over the sea would come in, laden with wine for the cellarer to stow away in the jolly priory cellars. Now a hoy and two or three barges are lying here at rest, where no one would think of finding them, so tall and overpowering are the buildings that hem them in all round. One wonders whether, at some distant date, broad quays will stretch on either side of this forlorn nook, and steamers come alongside to discharge their cargoes, while a great market with fair white buildings and glittering roofs is thronged with a happy, well-dressed crowd, and distributing the products of every clime. Or is the truer omen, that of the gaunt deserted building with shutters hanging loose, and "to let" in great letters painted on its side?

A little further, and we come out upon Bankside, just about the oldest embankment on the river, which may have been in existence when London was a Roman colony; but that nobody has thought of extending or improving ever since. It is still flourishing in a rude and rusty way, with iron works, and bottle works, and electric-light works. And the blackened posts of some unused derrick enclose a picture, noble and yet familiar, the broad river, and the clustered buildings that rise from the water's edge, with Saint Paul's looming over all, and sky, and City, and river all bathed in soft and radiant light.

But with the thickly thronging associations of the Bankside we have nothing to do just now. Hie we back to the market, taking an opening called the Bear Garden,

the very same narrow, dirty lane that brought people up from the river to witness the bear-baiting in the olden times.

This brings us, with a turn or two, into a region where the stalwart red-capped drayman makes his appearance on the scene, and the big, ponderous horses and heavy drays of Barclay and Perkins come thundering along. And with the draymen, the market people, and the carts and horses are mingled, on this especial morning, the brass helmets and blue coats of the firemen, while great pipes that run beer on occasion, are covered by lines of hose that spout only water, while the perfume of malt and hops is mingled with that of burnt wood and baked brickwork; for, while the country waggons were rumbling to the market, a great flame shot up from Bankside, and not far from where the Globe Theatre was burnt lang syne, the brewery stables went up in fire, and two hundred gallant horses narrowly escaped, but happily did escape, destruction.

And now it is London Bridge again; but how changed the scene: omnibuses dash across, loaded inside and out with City men; smart young clerks in unbroken phalanx fill the causeway on either side; ships are shaking out their sails; boats are shooting to and fro on the river; and the great tide of life is stirring the City just as we market people are struggling sleepily homewards.

"THE SPIRIT OF IMITATION."

"As for the greater number of the stories with which the *ana* are stuffed—including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles the Fifth and Henry the Fourth to a hundred modern princes—you find them," says Voltaire, "in *Athenæus* and in our old authors."

This is true to a great extent; there are many good but worn-out jokes floating up and down the stream of time, which attach themselves to every individual of any pretensions seen coming down, and adhere more or less closely until another likely personage emerges into sight, when they transfer themselves, leaving only a trace of their presence behind them in the still-born volumes of *ana* which constantly appear and disappear, and, like parasites, obtaining a fresh lease of life by having new blood to feed upon. The reader will,

doubtless, be able to recall many instances of the thing of which we speak—jokes of all kinds, which have filtered through the ages from Diogenes or Dionysius the Tyrant, past mediæval times down to Sheridan and Rogers, and even—as we have ourselves seen in the funny columns of evening papers—to so late a day as that of Mr. Burnand.

There is another kind of good thing, of which similar specimens are attributed to men of different ages, but which, it seems to us, are due to coincidence of situation. The late M. Luand called it "the spirit of imitation," and illustrated his theory on the subject—a theory published after his death in the "*Revue Française*"—by an analogy taken from the history of invention. The honour of almost every important discovery, he reminds us, from printing to electric telegraphy, has been vehemently contested by rival claimants; and the reason is, not that some are necessarily charlatans, but that whenever the attention of the learned and scientific world has been long and earnestly fixed upon a subject, it is as if so many heaps of combustible materials had been accumulated, or so many trains laid, any two or three of which might be simultaneously exploded by a spark. "The results resemble each other, because each projector is influenced by the same law of progress; and as the human heart and mind retain their essential features, unaltered by time or space, there is nothing surprising in the fact of two or more persons similarly situated acting on similar impulses, or hitting on similar relations of ideas."

It is often difficult to know, in accepting this last explanation, whether the pearls of history are genuine, or only mock Brummagem articles; but the theory has one great recommendation in being constructive and not destructive: it adds to the accumulated stock of originality.

When Julius Cæsar fell, as he was landing on the African coast, he is reported to have said, to banish the fears of his soldiers, who accepted the occurrence as one of ill-omen: "Land of Africa, I take possession of thee!"

William the Conqueror, on landing in England, is also reported to have made a false step as his foot touched the sand, and to have fallen on his face. A murmur arose, and voices cried, "Heaven preserve us! a bad sign!" but William, rising, said, without confusion or hesitation: "What is

the matter? What are you wondering at? I have seized this ground with my hands, and, by the brightness of God, so far as it extends, it is mine, it is yours."

When Edward the Third, again, fell and made his nose bleed on the sea-shore at La Hague, a cry of consternation was raised, which he quieted with the remark: "This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me"; at which answer, says Froissart, "his men were quite joyful."

Pompey, according to the anecdote-mongers of antiquity, answered to some friendly representatives on the danger of a voyage he meditated to bring provisions to Rome in time of scarcity: "This voyage is necessary; my life is not."

Maréchal Saxo, setting out for the campaign of Fontenoy, made exactly the same reply to Voltaire, who had before that time used words similar in purport when his friends remonstrated with his determination to attend the rehearsal of "*Irene*"; and both he and the Maréchal were anticipated by Racine.

Voltaire was once speaking highly of Haller, and was told that his praise was very generous, since Haller said just the contrary of him. "Perhaps," said the philosopher, after a short pause, "we are both of us mistaken."

What is this but the exact sentiment that manifests itself in the letter of Libanius to Aristænetus:

"You are always speaking ill of me. I speak nothing but good of you. Do you not fear that people will believe neither of us?"

The lesson of perseverance in adversity taught by the spider to Robert Bruce is said to have been impressed by the same insect upon Tamerlane. Even Columbus and his egg were not original. The discoverer resorted to the device to silence those individuals who, before his memorable voyage, had maintained that America could not exist, and who afterwards maintained that it had been known a long time.

Brunelleschi, before Columbus's day, had the inevitable train of snarling hyenas to pick the bones of his merit in raising the cupola of the cathedral of Florence, and silenced them by the self-same illustration of the egg.

It is probable that the epigrammatic remark given to Queen Christina of Sweden on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis the Fourteenth—"He

has cut off his left arm with the right"—is apocryphal, since the identical thing appears in Valentinian. Apocryphal, too, in all likelihood, are the words said to have been uttered by a peasant to the "magnificent" Louis: "It is useless to enlarge your park at Versailles; you will always have neighbours," since Apuleius has it, and since also it has been placed in the mouth of a Norfolk labourer, in reference to the lordly domain of Halkham.

"The King of France does not revenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans." The coincidence between this and the remark of Adrian to a personal enemy on the day after his accession as Emperor, "Evasisti"—"you have escaped"—is purely due to similarity of situation, which in minds of a given calibre, induces similarity of thought. Another individual is credited with the remark. Philip, Count of Bresse, on becoming Duke of Savoy, said:

"It would be shameful in the Duke to revenge the injuries done to the Count"; and it may be—though we decline to say so definitely—that the one was suggested by the other. No such doubt, it seems to us, can find room in the following:

The right wing of Hyder Ali's army in an action against the English under Colonel Baillie, was commanded by his son, and intelligence arrived that it was beginning to give way. "Let Tippoo Saib do his best," replied the father, when asked for succour; "he has his reputation to make."

Historical students will remember in a moment that this was the answer of Edward the Third when exhorted to reinforce the Black Prince at Cressy.

The next is more curious still. When Commodore Billings and Mr. Main were on the river Kahima, they had for attendant a young man from Kanoga, an island between Kamschatka and North America. One day Mr. Main asked him: "What will the savages do to me if I fall into their power?"

"Sir," said the youth, "you will never fall into their power if I remain with you. I always carry a sharp knife, and if I see you pursued and unable to escape, I will plunge my knife into your heart; then the savages can do nothing to you."

This recalls the words of the French knight reported by Joinville: "Swear to me," said Queen Margaret, "that if the Saracens become masters of Damiatta,

you will cut off my head before they can take me?"

"Willingly," returned the knight; "I had already thought of doing so if the contingency arrived."

Louis the Fourteenth said to Boileau, on receiving his Epistle on the passage of the Rhine: "This is fine, and I should praise you more had you praised me less." The same compliment had been paid before his day by Queen Margaret—la Reine Margot—to Brantôme.

Frederick the Great is reported to have said, in reference to a troublesome assailant: "This man wants me to make a martyr of him, but he shall not have that satisfaction." Somewhat like, though not identical, was the remark of Vespasian to Demetrius, the cynic: "You do all you can to get me to put you to death; but I don't kill a dog for barking at me."

Another parallel, with which we conclude, may be found between the sayings of Lycurgus and Dr. Johnson. Lycurgus set about the reformation and alteration of the State of Sparta, and was advised by one individual to reduce everything to an absolute popular equality. But Lycurgus astonished him by saying: "Sir, suppose you begin the reform in your own house!" Similarly Dr. Johnson, when Mrs. Macaulay advocated similar measures, silenced her by saying: "Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen—your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us."

THE ART TREASURES OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

SECOND PART.*

THE PICTURES OF THE LIVERY COMPANIES.

It was pointed out in a previous article that very little in the way of Art is to be found in the possession of the Corporation, and that little or nothing has been done by that body to increase the value or add to the interest of such things as it does possess. Yet it must not be supposed that there is a complete dearth of works of Art in

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, Third Series, Vol. V., No. 110.

the City; though, for the purpose of finding anything wherewith to satisfy our eyes, it is necessary to examine the collections of the Livery Companies. Such an examination has, by the ready courtesy of all the Companies to whom application was made, been permitted to the writer of this article. With one exception only—that of the Armourers and Braziers—the request was readily acceded to, and all the treasures were opened to view by such Companies as possess them. For this courteous assistance our best thanks are due.

The result of the examination proves that, so far as pictures are concerned, whilst they are vastly superior to anything in the possession of the Corporation, yet they are not as numerous or as valuable as might be supposed. The plate, on the contrary, and in spite of the fact that much has been melted down in answer to Royal demands, is very valuable and interesting. This will, however, be referred to in a subsequent article, the pictures and certain other "objects of art" being described in this present one.

The great reputation of the Holbein, possessed by the Barbers' Company, leads the enquiry first in the direction of that Company's hall. This picture is painted on panel, and is the largest of all Holbein's paintings, being ten feet two inches long, by five feet eleven inches high, and was probably painted in 1541, towards the close of the artist's life. The picture was recently exhibited at the Exhibition of the Royal House of Tudor held in 1890 at the New Gallery. The subject is that of Henry the Eighth granting the Charter to the Barber Surgeons. The King is seated in the centre, looking out of the picture, holding the charter in his left hand; the other figures are nearly all kneeling. On the right are Dr. Chambers, Dr. Butts, and the Royal Apothecary, and on the left the Master and various members of the Company. This arrangement of the figures naturally gives an air of stiffness to the composition of the picture; but the heads are all magnificently painted, as are also all the accessories. The background is very rich in colour, and this richness is continued out to the front of the picture by means of a carpet on the ground. Unfortunately, the Court-room—now used as the hall—where the picture is hung, is so small and badly lighted, that it cannot be very well seen. Those, therefore, that saw this work in the Tudor Exhibition were exceptionally fortunate.

It is a great question whether it is safe to keep so valuable a picture in so circumscribed a space. The hall is situated in the middle of the Wood Street district, where fires are not unknown; and, moreover, the Court room is at the bottom of a light-shaft, with a lantern-light on the roof, and surrounded by walls thirty feet high on every side, so that if a fire once broke out there would not be much hope of saving the picture. It would be much safer if deposited in a public gallery.

Pepys tried, after the Great Fire, to buy this picture "by the help of Mr. Pierce for a little money. I did think," he adds, "to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1,000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and is not a pleasant though a good picture."

It was engraved in 1735 by Baron, who was paid one hundred and fifty guineas for the plate and one hundred prints; but the engraving is not a very good one; the engraver did not even reverse the plate, so that the prints are reversed to the picture.

The Company also possesses a fine portrait by Vandyck, in very good condition, of Inigo Jones, who was architect to the Company. The Theatre of Anatomy, attached to the building—which Walpole calls "one of the best of Jones's works"—was pulled down at the end of the last century. The present entrance gateway in Monkwell Street is attributed to Inigo Jones; and there is some old work in the staircase and buildings; but, excepting the walls, hardly any of sufficient antiquity to be also attributed to the same architect. There is also a portrait by Reynolds of John Paterson, the Clerk, in 1776, very bright in colour, and not at all cracked. In Mr. Shoppee's pamphlet descriptive of the pictures and plate belonging to this Company, no mention is made of this picture; but only of an engraving from it. It has presumably come into possession of the Company since the publication of the pamphlet. The room is so dark, that the remainder of the pictures are very badly seen. There is a portrait of the Duchess of Richmond by Sir Peter Lely; another portrait by Kneller, with several others of the same date; also a portrait of Charles the Second, concerning which the following note appears in the account:

"Paid for a half-length picture of King Charles the Second, to hang up in the Parlour, and for a gold frame to the said Picture, £7 5s. 0d."

There are two portraits of the King and Queen of Bohemia, which were long known as the Spanish pictures; whether they are of any artistic value it is impossible to say, as they cannot be seen where they are at present hung. The opportunity might have been taken in 1889 to compare the portraits of the Queen of Bohemia, by Mytens and Honthorst, which were exhibited at the Stuart Exhibition. Such an examination would very possibly have given a clue to the authorship. There is also here a fine portrait of Edward Arris, a master who contributed largely to the Company's plate, by Dobson, an English artist who rose to fame through the notice taken of him by Vandyck.

The pictures of the Painters' Company next claim attention, not so much for their value as for the fact that a great many of them were painted by English artists in what may be called the pre-Academical times, that is, before 1768. A pamphlet, entitled "Some Account of the Worshipful Company of Painter Stainers," published in 1880, gives some details of great interest. They existed as a fraternity in the reign of King Edward the Third, although their first charter was not granted to them till the sixth of Edward the Fourth.

They were called Paynter Stayners because a picture on canvas was formerly called a stained cloth, as one on panel was called a table, probably from the French "tableau." In 1575 they petitioned Queen Elizabeth that "she would consider their cause, and give aid and assistance to them, because they found that their trade began to decay, by reason of other persons that had not been apprentices to it, who undertook painting, whereby much slight work went off—as Pictures of the Queen and noblemen and others—which showed fair to sight. And the people bought the same, being much deceived; for that such pictures and works were not substantially wrought; A slander to the whole Company of Painters, and a great decay of Workmanship in the said science; and also a great discouragement to divers forward young men very desirous to travel for knowledge in the same."

This crafty appeal to the Virgin Queen, whose vanity on the subject of her portraits is a matter of history, was successful, as the charter granted to the Company in 1581 prohibited any person from using or exercising the art of the Paynter Stayner, unless he shall have been apprenticed for

seven years to some one of the same art or mystery, under a penalty of five pounds.

King James the Second also granted a charter, in the first year of his reign, confirming the previous charter of Elizabeth.

In 1673 an odd entry appears in the minute books to the effect "That the Painter of Joseph and Pottifer's Wife and the Fowre Elements be fined £3 6s. 8d., for such bad work." If only such a tribunal existed now, what riches might flow into their coffers from a like source!

On the seventeenth of May, 1635, "Mr. Inigo Jones, the King's Surveyor, was invited to dinner, and very lovingly came and dined with the Companye." Amongst the distinguished artists who have been on the livery, are Sir Peter Lely and Sir James Thornhill. The pictures themselves were the gift of their various painters, who were members of the Court. The earliest of these is a picture of Saint Luke writing his gospel, by Van Somer, who was a native of Antwerp, but settled in this country, and died in 1621. There is a portrait of Camden the historian, presented to the Company in 1676. Most of the pictures are landscapes or marine pieces—one by Robert Aggas, died 1679, son of Ralph Aggas, whose maps of London at this period are regarded as authentic. Sailmaker was another early marine painter. Peter Monamy, a native of Jersey, and an imitator of the Vandevelde School; Lambert, who died 1765, a follower of Gaspar Poussin, were all early landscape painters, and their works may be regarded with interest as being the predecessors of the Grand School of landscape painting, which was eventually developed in England.

The pictures themselves are somewhat black, and not in very good condition, and are, of course, not to be compared to the works of the various masters whose style these Englishmen followed; but they were painted at a time when English Art, as art, was so generally supposed to have been non-existent. There are several pictures of animals and fruit, of the type which is seen so much of a century later on the coach panels of the day. There is a picture of the Fire of London, which is supposed to be authentic, by Waggoner, of whom nothing is apparently known, except the fact that he painted this picture. There is a room upstairs, the panels of which were painted by members of the Company; of these paintings the pictures of dead game, by

Craddock, are good; they were painted about 1640.

In the Court-room are some engravings of interest; one from a design of Sir Godfrey Kneller, of a card of invitation to accompany the Society of Painters, at Saint Luke's Feast, kept on Thursday, ye twenty-fourth of November, 1687, at twelve of the clock in Paynter Stayners' Hall, when you shall be entertained by us.

Signed, ANTHONY VERRIO,
NICHOLAS SHEPHERD,
GODFREY KNELLER,
ED. POLEHAMPTON,
Stewards.

Perhaps the finest collection of pictures after that of the Barbers' Company, is in the possession of the Merchant Taylors' Company, who have a fine portrait of Henry the Eighth, by Paris Bordone. This portrait most probably represents that Monarch at the time of the Field of Cloth of Gold, for Bordone, a native of Treviso, and a pupil of Titian, was employed at the Court of Francis the First, and was specially commissioned to paint the portraits of the celebrities present on that occasion. The picture in question is small, but very rich in colour, and is certainly, after the Barbers' Holbein, the finest picture in the possession of the City Companies. It was exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition. The catalogue of that Exhibition refers to a similar portrait of Henry the Eighth at Hampton Court, the authorship of which is doubtful. This portrait of the Merchant Taylors' was, according to the same authority, painted about 1535, or fifteen years later than the date of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. This must be an error, as the portrait depicts Henry as a young man of about thirty, which was his age at his meeting with Francis the First; whereas he would have been forty-four if the later date were correct. Besides, there is no record that Bordone ever came to England. It was presented to the Company, with six other pictures, by John Vernon, Master in 1609, whose portrait hangs in the Court-room. Of the six others, only two exist, the remainder were very probably destroyed in the Fire of London. These two pictures are respectively a head of a man and a woman, of a rather poor character, painted by Otho Venius, who lived from 1558 to 1629.

There is, in the Court-room, a fine early portrait of Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor in 1533, and founder of Saint John's College, Oxford. This picture, which is

excellently painted, was also exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition.

There are other early portraits in this room—of John Vernon, Master, 1609; Sir Thomas Row, 1562; Robert Dow, 1578; Walter Pell, 1649; Robert Gray, 1628; Sir Abraham Reynardson, 1640; but none of them are of the quality of Sir Thomas White's portrait. The portraits of Sir Patience Ward, 1671, Sir W. Pritchard, 1673, and Sir William Turner, 1685, are by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and are good examples of that master. As regards the two last named pictures, there is an entry in the Company's books:

"Item. Paid Mr. Kneller for the picture of King Charles the Second, and drawing Sir William Turner's and Sir William Pritchard's pictures and frames for them, £125.

"Item. Given Mr. Kneller's man, £1."

If a suggestion might be offered to the Company, it would be better to hang this fine collection of portraits lower down, on the top of the panelling, where they could be better seen. It might easily be done, and, if a frieze were added to the room, would not destroy the decorative effect. As they are now hung it is almost impossible to see some of them. In the music gallery at the end of the great hall, where the portrait of Henry the Eighth is to be found, there are several other portraits, including a large full-length of the Duke of Wellington, by Sir David Wilkie; the great General is standing by the side of his favourite charger in a fine pose. The painting of the head is good; but certain portions of the picture have cracked very badly, and turned black, presumably on account of the bitumen used by the artist; nor can the picture be considered a characteristic example of Wilkie's work on account of its large size. Possibly the artist, not being used to work on such a scale, used the bitumen to enable him to cover the ground more quickly.

Lord Chancellor Eldon, by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; and H.R.H. Frederick, Duke of York and Albany; by Sir Thomas Lawrence, are both uninteresting. William Pitt, by John Hoppner, is a very fine portrait. There are two very fine portraits of women by this artist in the Winter Exhibition of Burlington House, which works will undoubtedly bring Hoppner's reputation very much to the front.

On the stairs there are some portraits: Sir Claudius Hunter, by Sir W. Beechey;

Sir R. Baggalay, by Lant; George the Third and Queen Charlotte, by Allan Ramsay; Sir Reg. Hanson, by John Collier.

In the drawing-room there are Kneller's portraits of Charles the Second and James the Second; and two by Murray of William the Third and Mary. In another room are portraits of past clerks of the Company, of which the best is George North, by Hudson, who was Reynolds's master. In the same room is a portrait head of Charles the First, supposed to be by a pupil of Vandyck, which is a very fine thing. There is also a half-length portrait of Charles the Second, considerably better than the full-length by Kneller, already referred to. This picture has been in possession of the Company since 1693. Thus it will be seen that the Merchant Taylors' Company possesses a fine collection of portraits, those in the Court-room being especially interesting.

Besides the pictures there is a fine piece of tapestry hung on the staircase walls, and in the music gallery are two hearse-cloths, hung in glazed cases. There are seven of these hearse-cloths, or palls, in the possession of the Livery Companies: of these, the Merchant Taylors possess two, and the Fishmongers, Vintners, Ironmongers, Saddlers, and Brewers Companies each one. These palls were at one time used at the burial of prominent members of the livery; but the custom has fallen out of use, the last occasion on which one was used being at the funeral of a pensioner of the Ironmongers' Company, some twenty-five years ago. They are all beautiful specimens of silver embroidery and cloth-of-gold. Several of them are very much alike; but the one belonging to the Fishmongers' Company and one of the two belonging to the Merchant Taylors' Company, are much richer than the others. A description of this last one will indicate what they are like.

The centre is formed of a breadth of baldachin cloth, of what is known as cloth-of-gold and purple velvet pile; in length, six feet three and a half inches; in breadth, one foot eleven inches. The pattern is formed of three wreaths of conventional flowers very completely arranged in the space. To this centre purple velvet flaps are attached about ten inches deep, and on these flaps are sewn panels of gold and silver embroidery, representing on the sides the baptism in Jordan, and on the

ends the decapitation of Saint John the Baptist. To the flaps are also attached the Company's arms, and on each side is the inscription: "Ecce Agnus Dei," in large letters. The figures in the panels are dressed in the costumes of the period, which is about 1520-30. The other one is presumed to date between 1490 and 1572, and is illustrated in Shaw's "Decorative Arts of the Middle Ages," plate thirty-four. They were both exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries, in June, 1874. They are generally supposed to be of Flemish or German manufacture; but an account in the records of the Carpenters' Company shows that such things were manufactured in England.

With the exception of the Fishmongers' pall, the centre panels of the others are not nearly so elaborate as the one which has just been described.

The position of Fishmongers' Hall on the riverside by London Bridge, enables plenty of light to find its way into the interior of the building; consequently such pictures as are in the possession of this Company can be very well seen. There are some rather fine early topographical scenes, by Samuel Scott, who was one of Hogarth's boon companions; one of these pictures gives a view of old Fishmongers' Hall, which was replaced by the present Hall in 1831. There is also a good painting by James Holland, of Greenwich Hospital, and some very good pictures of fish by Van Duegnen, 1670; Van Hacken, 1767, and Snyders. These pictures, although perhaps of uninteresting subjects, are of very good quality in the style of Snyders. A large river scene is by J. T. Serres, a once well-known painter, and son of Dominic Serres, who was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and an insipid follower of the school of Canaletti. Some interesting water-colour drawings by Yates, of Old and New London Bridges, complete the topographical drawings, of which this Company possess an interesting collection.

Of the portraits, there are two of William the Third, and Mary the Second, by Murray, replicas of those in the Merchant Taylors'. These inevitable portraits of Royalties seemed to have been turned out by the dozen, and are generally by artists of inferior merit; a visit to the Guelph Exhibition will show how dull and uninteresting are such portraits compared with those of other persons. This is chiefly owing to the fact that they

were seldom painted by any of the greater artists, but generally by the Court portrait painter, who did not always owe his position to his talent as an artist, and seldom or never achieved any lasting fame. In earlier times it was better, as witness the splendid collection of portraits of Henry the Eighth, by Holbein, and Charles the First and his Queen, by Vandyck.

There are two portraits by Romney, an artist whose work is seldom met with in the City. They are portraits of the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach; the latter is at present exhibited in the Exhibition of the Royal House of Guelph. It is a full length, life-size portrait; white satin dress, and cap with gold trimming. Like many of Romney's portraits, it is more conspicuous for graceful pose than anything else, and is not up to his usual mark, possibly for want of a good subject. The portrait of the Margrave is not as good as that of the Margravine. The portrait of Earl Saint Vincent, by Sir William Beechey, is excellent, with a very distinguished pose. Portraits by this artist are almost as numerous as those of Kneller amongst the pictures of the City Companies. One of Mr. Oules's best portraits—that of the Right Honourable Russell Gurney, Q.C., M.P., as Recorder of London—belongs to this Company, who also possess several inferior portraits.

The historical dagger of Walworth is kept in a glass-case in the hall. It was exhibited at Ironmongers' Hall in 1861; but a note in the illustrated catalogue, which was published as a memento of that exhibition, states that this is not the original dagger, but belongs to a later period. It is a very plain weapon with hardly any ornamentation.

A curious object of interest is a model of a frigate made by French naval prisoners. It is constructed entirely of small pieces of bone, which were cut from the mutton rations supplied to the prisoners, and is most carefully put together, evincing great skill and patience.

The pall, or hearse-cloth, has already been referred to as a very fine one. It is described in the Company's books as having been worked by nuns; the subject illustrated on the flaps is our Saviour giving the keys to Saint Peter.

In the magnificent suite of rooms to be found in the Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company, are a few good portraits,

although this Company has not so large a collection as those Companies already named. A fine portrait hangs in the Court-room of Sir Hugh Myddelton, who, in 1606, undertook to bring water to London, by means of the New River. This fine portrait is said to be by Cornelius Janssen. It was exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition in 1890, although Sir Hugh more properly belongs to the Stuart period. It is described in the catalogue of that exhibition as "a three-quarter length, life-size to right, black and buff doublet, black surcoat, white ruff and cuffs, jewelled collar with badge; left hand resting on shell placed on table; above, 'Fontes Fodine;' on background, shield of arms and motto, 'Virtus Palma.' Canvas forty-six and a half by thirty-eight and a half. Engraved in Lodge." The name of the artist is not mentioned; but Janssen painted in England from 1618 to the time of the Civil War. A beautiful engraving by Vertue, of this portrait, hangs in the same room, where is also the original copper-plate, recently presented to the Company.

A portrait of Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor in 1545, is also a very fine work. In Timbs' "Curiosities of London," it is attributed to Holbein; but hardly correctly, as that great artist died in 1543; besides, though a good portrait, it is not quite good enough for Holbein. It is attributed, in the Company's books, to Faithorne; but he was only an engraver. There are a few other portraits. Chas. Hozier, 1750; the inevitable portraits of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, by Murray; and the equally inevitable portrait of Queen Victoria, by Hayter—a replica of the one in the Guildhall. A portrait group of Masters of the Company, who have been Lord Mayors, by Hudson, is more interesting; and there is a good portrait of Lane, a former Clerk, by Beechey.

There is a fine marble mantelpiece in the Court-room, which has two terminal figure-supports by Roubiliac, the sculptor of the Shakespeare Monument in Westminster Abbey. An object of great antiquarian interest, also in this room, is a Roman altar, sculptured with figures of Apollo, and a dog and a lyre. It was found on the site of the Hall when excavating for foundations, and is supposed to have belonged to the Temple of Diana, which, report says, stood near this spot.

In the Court-room of the Vintners' Company are several pictures. One of these, the subject of which is Saint Martin

dividing his cloak with the beggar, is attributed to Rubens; but the room is so dimly lighted that it is impossible to tell if this attribution is correct. In Timbs's "Curiosities of London" it is attributed to Vandyck, which certainly is not correct. Strangely enough, the Company possesses a piece of tapestry with the same subject worked on it.

There are several portraits of Royalties—William the Third and Mary, and Charles the Second, which have a great family likeness to those already described as belonging to other Companies, looking rather as if they were turned out by the dozen. A portrait of John Wright, by Opie, is perhaps the best in the room. This Company possesses a hearse-cloth which is very similar to that in the possession of the Ironmongers' Company. This latter Company has a large collection of portraits, some of which look interesting; they are, however, hung in the banqueting-hall, the bottom of the frames being some twelve feet from the ground, and, consequently, can hardly be seen in daylight, and, much more certainly, could not be seen by gaslight. If pictures and portraits are worthy looking, they might just as well be hung where they can be seen, and would certainly, in the case of the Ironmongers' Hall, be preferable to the paneling, the enrichments of which are made of *Carton pierre*. A fine portrait of Admiral Viscount Hood, by Gainsborough, is amongst these pictures; and there are several other portraits of the seventeenth century, which might be interesting if they could be seen. Some portraits in the Court-room are by Henry Cooke, an artist who painted about the year 1640, and for these he was paid the magnificent sum of three pounds apiece, including the frame. The Ironmongers' Company has some very interesting plate, which will be noticed in a subsequent article.

The Mercers' Company takes precedence of all the Liveryes; although it is not of such antiquity as the Goldsmiths', 1327, or the Weavers', dating from 1164. Although one of the richest Companies, it has very little in the way of pictures.

In the Hall are portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Gresham, Sir Richard Whittington, Count Pennington, and Dean Colet, the founder of Saint Paul's School. What these pictures are like it is impossible to tell, for the windows of the hall in which they are hung are filled with stained glass, and during the

daytime darkness almost reigns supreme.

The portrait of Whittington is described in Herbert's "History of the City Companies" as fanciful; but the portrait of Dean Colet might be very good, as there was a portrait of this divine, by Jan de Mabuse, exhibited in the Tudor Exhibition, so that is a chance of this one being by the same hand. An architectural piece, by Bonnington, hangs in a small room, and there are some portraits scattered about in the various rooms; but nothing of any very great interest.

The Carpenters' Company has some fragments of wall-paintings which were discovered in its old hall in 1845. The subjects were divided by columns painted in distemper; the groundwork is of laths, with a thick layer of brown earth and clay, held together with straw and a layer of lime, upon which the paintings are executed. There are only two fragments now hanging up in the Court-room, the subjects of which are (1) King Josiah ordering the repair of the Temple, and (2) Joseph at work in the carpenter's shop, the Saviour as a boy gathering the chips. The figures, though rather squat, are well drawn, outlined with an incised line, and retain traces of colour, which are, however, fast disappearing. The figures are dressed in the costume of the latter end of Henry the Eighth's reign, and the style of execution also suggests that the paintings were done about that time.

The Company also possesses two fine portraits—(1) William Portington, Master Carpenter, Master, 1637—very much in the style of the Goldsmiths' portrait of Sir Hugh Myddelton; (2) John Scott, Master in 1698.

In the historical account of the Carpenters' Company, by Jupp and Pocock, there are various extracts from the records, amongst which is an account, in the year 1513, for a hearse-cloth, the total cost of which was fourteen pounds twelve shillings and ninepence, each item being separate: so much for material, so much for making, showing that some at least of these hearse-cloths were of home manufacture. The date is nearly the same as those in the possession of the Merchant Taylors' Company.

In the Guelph Exhibition, at present being held at the New Gallery, are hung some portraits belonging to the Stationers' Company; two of them, by Kneller, of (1) Sir Richard Steele and (2) Matthew

Prior are very poor portraits. When Kneller painted a portrait of any one without a title, he did not consider it right to represent such a person in one of the flowing periwigs which adorned the heads of his kings and lords, but depicted the head of a poet, or a literary man, which is to-day of far more interest than the majority of those of kings and lords, wrapped in a dirty cloth, or cap, and looking very much as if the distinguished author had only just risen, and had not had time to perform his toilette. A better portrait of more recent date is by W. Lane, of Luke Hansard, the House of Commons printer, whose name is well known in connection with the publication of the debates. Another very good portrait is that of Samuel Richardson, the novelist, by J. Highmore. This Company possesses several other portraits, but of no great interest.

The Skinners' Company has a fine old portrait supposed to be of Sir Andrew

Judd, Lord Mayor, 1551. This picture, to judge from the costume, is quite a century later; but it is so fine that it would be worth while to find out all about it.

The Broderers' Company possesses a portrait of Old Parr, the English Methusaleh, who was a member of this Company.

The Armourers' Company, according to Timbs, possesses a picture, by Northcote, of "The Entry of Richard the Second and Bolingbroke into London," purchased by the Company from Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery in 1825. This Company, however—for reasons best known to itself—prefers to keep whatever it possesses hidden from any intruder's gaze, so nothing very definite can be said about this work. But it is reported, by some of those who have been privileged to gaze upon this masterpiece, that it is more remarkable for its size than for any artistic merit with which the painter succeeded in investing it.

On the 28th of MARCH will be commenced a

NEW SERIAL STORY,

BY

MARY ANGELA DICKENS,

AUTHOR OF

"A MIST OF ERROR," "HER INHERITANCE," "A SOCIAL SUCCESS,"
"KITTY'S VICTIM," etc., etc.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.